

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4688

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad, 1d.

## Appointments Vacant

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL  
INSTRUCTION FOR IRELAND.  
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART, DUBLIN.

**T**HE POST of TECHNICAL ASSISTANT in the Botanical  
Section of the above Museum is VACANT. Remuneration,  
including present temporary war bonus, 63s. a week for a man,  
and 54s. a week for a woman.

Applications should be submitted not later than March 20, 1920,  
to the Secretary of the Department, Upper Merrion Street,  
Dublin, on a form which may be obtained from the Department.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOKE-ON-TRENT  
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

HANLEY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

**W**ANTED for April 19:—

1. An ASSISTANT MISTRESS with an Honours degree in  
History for Advanced Course work with the girls. Teaching  
experience is essential. Salary according to scale, and  
commencing salary dependent upon qualifications and  
experience.
2. An ASSISTANT MISTRESS for Geography with the girls.  
Salary according to scale.

Forms of application (which should be duly filled up and returned  
to the Director of Education not later than March 10, 1920) may  
be obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from

DR. W. LUDFORD FREEMAN,  
Director of Education.

Education Offices, Town Hall, Hanley,  
Stoke-on-Trent.

February 25, 1920.

**R**oyal Leamington Spa Education Committee.

1. WANTED for BOYS' SECONDARY and for TECHNICAL  
SCHOOL a HANDICRAFT INSTRUCTOR (Woodwork and  
Metalwork), well qualified in Engineering Subjects; part day and  
part evening work.

Scale of Salary, £180 to £410. Commencing salary will depend  
on qualifications and experience.

2. WANTED for GIRLS' SECONDARY SCHOOL, an  
ASSISTANT MISTRESS qualified in Mathematics and French  
(or German). Scale of Salary, £160 to £320 for Non-graduates,  
or £180 to £350 for graduates. Commencing Salary will depend  
upon qualifications and experience.

Applications to be sent to J. E. Pickles, Director's Office, York  
Road, Leamington.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL.

**D**EPARTMENT OF EDUCATION: MEN'S DIVISION.—  
SIX TEMPORARY ASSISTANT LECTURERS will be  
appointed for the session 1920-21, at salaries of £300 each. If  
admissions justify it, the appointments may be continued for the  
following session 1921-22; and it is hoped that one or two at least  
may be continued permanently.

Applicants must be trained graduates with good teaching ex-  
perience. Well qualified women applicants might be considered.

Particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be  
addressed not later than March 20.

## Appointments Vacant

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHPORT.  
EDUCATION COMMITTEE.  
NEW SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.  
HEADMASTERSHIP.

**T**HE Governors of the above school invite applications for  
the POSITION of HEADMASTER.

The school will be commenced in temporary premises at the  
"Woodlands," Lord Street, pending the erection of a new school  
with accommodation for 500 boys, which is to be proceeded with  
immediately on a site of 15 acres on the sea front.

Commencing salary, not less than £800 per annum.

It is intended that the school shall be conducted as far as possible  
after the manner of a Public School for Day Boarders, for which  
purpose the new school buildings are being specially designed,  
and it is therefore desirable that candidates should have had some  
Public School experience.

An Honours Degree of a British University will be looked for.

The School will be grant-earning and be conducted under Articles  
of Government formulated in accordance with the Board of  
Education's Regulations.

Applications, endorsed "Headmaster, Secondary School," accom-  
panied by copies of three recent testimonials should reach the  
undersigned on or before Tuesday, March 9, 1920.

WM. ALLANACH,  
Correspondent and  
Director of Education.

Education Offices, 2, Church Street, Southport.  
February, 1920.

**M**ALVERN GIRLS' COLLEGE, WORCESTERSHIRE.

1. WANTED, after Easter, an experienced MISTRESS to  
teach Divinity in the Middle and Senior Schools. Churchwoman  
essential. The post is a resident one, and a good salary is offered  
to a suitable candidate.

2. A BOTANY SPECIALIST to teach Botany from Form III.  
upwards. Geography subsidiary a recommendation.

3. WANTED, in September, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS to  
teach Geography on modern lines. Good qualifications and  
experience essential.

Initial salaries £150-£250 according to qualifications and ex-  
perience, rising £10 per annum to a maximum of £350. If resident  
a deduction of £50 is made for board and residence. Apply, with  
full particulars to the Vice-Principal, Ivydene Hall, Malvern Girls'  
College.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

**T**HE NEXT PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATION will be held  
10-15th May, 1920, in London and at other centres in the  
provinces and abroad. 10th May, Classification; 11th May,  
Cataloguing; 12th May, Library Organisation; 13th May, Library  
Routine; 14th May, Literary History; 15th May, Bibliography.  
Candidates wishing to enter for this examination must already  
hold L.A. Certificates, have passed the Preliminary Test, or else  
hold certificates approved by the Education Committee. Fee 5s.  
for each section. Last day of entry 10th April.

The Preliminary Test will be held on Wednesday, 12th May,  
1920. Fee 2s. 6d. Last day of entry 10th April.

Copies of the Syllabus (price 1s. 2d., post free), together with all  
particulars, can be obtained on application to the SECRETARY,  
Library Association, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Examination for this year only will be held according to the  
Syllabus of 1915-16.

## Art Exhibitions

### The MALVERNS— Landscape Impressions by Leonard Richmond.

PASTELS by H. B. BRABAZON, FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A., GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A., JOHN CHARLES CONDER, AUGUSTUS JOHN, ALBERT MOORE, &c.

### ELDAR GALLERY,

40, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

Admission 1s. 3d., including catalogue.

### "GARDENS GAY AND JOYOUS"

By BEATRICE PARSONS

At THE GREATORIX GALLERIES

14, GRAFTON STREET, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

MARCH 3 to 31.

Daily 10 to 5, Saturday 10 to 1.

## NEW ART SALON

160, Shaftesbury Avenue (First Floor)

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by BRACQUE, DERAIN, LHOE, MARCHAND, MODIGLIANI, PICASSO, SIGNAC, VLAMINCK.

Daily 10-6.

From 17th February

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER ETCHERS  
AND ENGRAVERS, 5a, Pall Mall East, S.W.  
38th Annual Exhibition. Daily 10 to 5.

WALKER'S GALLERIES,

118, New Bond Street, W.

Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings by Alfred H. Hart, F.R.I.B.A.  
Rare old coloured Aquatints of Places of Interest.  
Water-Colour Drawings by W. W. Collins, R.I.

FROM THE 3rd TO 30th MARCH ONLY.

AUGUSTUS E. JOHN'S War, Peace Conference, and Other Portraits.  
THE GALLERY OF THE ALPINE CLUB, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.

"There is one thing Mr. Augustus John has above his contemporaries; that is, an instinct for painting."—*Morning Post*.

"It needs no prophetic insight to foretell that the exhibition . . . will be one of the sensations of the season."—*Daily News*.

## Booksellers & Catalogues

### SCIENTIFIC BOOKS & SERIALS.

JOHN WHELDON & CO. have the largest stock in the country of Books in all departments of Science and Natural History, also Transactions and Journals of Learned Societies, etc., in sets, runs, and single volumes or numbers.

LIBRARIES OR SMALL PARCELS PURCHASED.

SEPARATE CATALOGUES ON ALL SUBJECTS

Twopence each, post free.

38 GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.G.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 1412.

### THE ART OF PRINTING

A COLLECTION OF FINE BOOKS PRINTED FROM THE FOLLOWING CELEBRATED PRESSES:—

CARADOC, ERAGNY, ELSTON, ESSEX HOUSE, and the VALE PRESS.  
Prices from 12s. each, post free.

Full particulars on application to:

L. CHAUND OF OXFORD LTD  
2, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

EGYPT, PALESTINE, and the FAR EAST; Travel; Arabian Nights; and Napoleon Era. New Catalogue post free on application.—J. A. ALLEN & Co., 16, Grenville Street, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS on every conceivable subject. Secondhand, at half prices; New, at best prices. Catalogue free. One of the fine stocks of Rare Books, and First Editions. State wants. Books bought.

W. & G. FOYLE, LTD., 121-125, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

## Sales by Auction

VALUABLE BOOKS, THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Messrs. SOTHEY, WILKINSON & HODGE

WILL SELL by AUCTION at their Large Galleries, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, W.1., on Monday, March 15, and the following days, at one o'clock precisely,

VALUABLE BOOKS

selected from the library at Wilton House, Salisbury, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, comprising Rare Americana, including the Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible, 1685; De Bry, Voyages; R. Eburne, Plaine Path-way to Plantations, 1624; Capt. L. Fox, North-West Fox, 1635; T. Morton, New English Canaan, 1637; W. Penn, Frame of the Government of Pennsylvania, 1682; Capt. John Underhill, Newes from America, 1638; Philip Vincent, True Relation of the late Battell fought in New England, 1637; W. Wood, New England's Prospect, 1635; etc. English Literature of the Tudor and Stuart Periods, including C. Aleyn, Battailes of Crescey and Poictiers, 1631; Arnold's Chronicle, n.d.; Sir E. Dyer, The Prayse of Nothing, 1585; S. Gosson, Schoole of Abuse, 1579; T. Heywood, An Apology for Actors, 1612, and J. Green, Refutation of the Apology, 1615; R. Johnson, Essaies, 1607; The Fyftene Joyes of Maryage, 1509; T. Stanley, Poems, 1650; Tell Trothes' New Year's Gift, 1593; and Ten Grammatical Tracts printed by Wynkyn de Worde. Devotional and Controversial Works by English and Scotch Writers and Divines, including R. Anton, J. Bale, Bishop Ponet, Henoch Clapham, W. Hunnis, J. Freeman, M. Coverdale, Lady Jane Grey, Alexander Hales, John Harrison, Roger Hutchinson, John Knox, Ninian Winzet, William Turner, John Wycliffe, etc. Early Works on the Fine Arts; Broad-sides and Tracts; Voyages and Travels; A Large Collection of Elzevirs; etc.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had. Illustrated catalogues may also be had, price 2s. 6d.

## For Sale

FOR SALE.—Flourishing good first-class PREPARATORY SCHOOL. Seaside. 45 boarders paying highfees. Receipts £5,500 per annum. Profits nearly £2,000. Excellent freehold premises and grounds. Suit Oxford or Cambridge graduate. Price £15,000, of which £9,000 can remain on mortgage. Principals or their solicitors only.—"FELIX," c/o Steele's Advertising Service, Ltd., Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, W.C.2.

## Entertainments

### HOLBORN EMPIRE

HOLBORN TUBE STATION.  
LEWIS CASSON AND BRUCE WINSTON'S SEASON OF  
DAILY MATINEES at 2.30.

Next Week, "MEDEA" Mar. 15, "Tom Trouble."

## Authors' Agents, etc.

THE AUTHORS' ALLIANCE are prepared to consider and place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first. Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 93 and 94, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

### AUTHORS'

MSS. placed at highest prices; free monthly prizes; terms for stamp.—Cambridge Literary Agency, 8, Henrietta-St., W.C.2

## Typewriting &c.

TYPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, 1s. per 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge Local.—Miss NANCY McFARLANE, 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliffe Essex.

TYPEWRITING. — Authors' MSS., Examination Papers, Letters, Circulars, Testimonials, General Copying, Duplicating, etc. — J. TRIMMELL, 8, Moira Terrace, Cardiff.

TYPEWRITING accurately and promptly executed, 10d. 1,000 words; carbide copy, 3d. 1,000.—Miss L. MITCHELL, 58, Willow Vale, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

**W. J. LOCKE'S**

NEW NOVEL

**The House of Baltazar**

2nd large edition in the Press.

7s. net

"An entertaining story, very ingeniously contrived. . . . In John Baltazar there is real and original character-drawing. His abrupt changes of front, his glowing energy, his eager, impetuous heart, and his superb capacity for work make him a truly loveable figure."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice**

By PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK, Ph.D., Lit.D.  
Author of "Essays and Literary Studies," etc. 5s. net.

**Essentials in Art**

By PROFESSOR OSVALD SIRÉN, Ph.D.

Demy 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Osvald Sirén, of Stockholm, is one of the few present-day art critics who have attained a world-wide reputation, and it may therefore be confidently predicted that this new volume will be much read and talked of in artistic circles. [Ready next week.]

JOHN LANE  VIGO STREET,  
THE BODLEY HEAD LONDON W.1.

Just Published. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d. net

**A SHORT HISTORY OF CELTIC PHILOSOPHY**

By HERBERT MOORE PIM

With Notes by Prof. EOIN MACNEILL

*The Author breaks entirely new ground.*

Cr. 4to. Picture Cover. 2s. 6d. net

**TO HOLD AS 'TWERE**

Irish Caricatures by Mrs. JOSEPH PLUNKETT

W. TEMPEST, Dundalk

T. W. FOULIS, London &amp; Edinburgh

**Educational**

**ACCOUNTANCY, SECRETARYSHIP, BUSINESS TRAINING.**  
An Appointments Bureau (free) is open to all qualified students of the Metropolitan College—the 'Varsity of Secretarial and Accountancy Training. Specialised Postal Courses (practical training and exam. coaching) taken at home in spare time, under the most high-qualified staff in the Kingdom, comprising many Final Honourmen, Chartered Accountants, and Barristers-at-Law. Fees are most moderate, and may be paid by instalments.—Write to-day (postcard will suffice) for list of recent appointments vacant, particulars of scholarship scheme, and copy of "Student's Guide," free of charge or obligation. METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, LTD., Dept. 319, St. Albans.

**Scale for Small Advertisements.**

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED, SALES BY  
AUCTION, TYPEWRITING & MISCELLANEOUS } 1/- per line.  
ADVERTISEMENTS

**THE CALL  
of the  
Stricken  
Lands  
of Europe**

**Fighting Disease and  
Famine in Austria,  
Germany and Poland**

- ¶ The womanhood and young life of Europe are in peril, and *there is no frontier to disease*. Tuberculosis, Rickets, and Typhus are decimating the countries of Poland, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, and elsewhere.
- ¶ Food, Warmth and Medical Supplies are the only effective weapons with which to combat the ever-spreading Mid-European scourge.
- ¶ In the face of these needs, money is needed to provide MILK for the three-and-a-half million young children who will die without it.
- ¶ The greatest suffering of this Winter is from the lack of warmth. COAL can be obtained in some parts of Europe if paid for in English pounds.
- ¶ CLOTHING MATERIALS are needed for making into garments to cover the shivering millions of innocent children.
- ¶ Contributions will be gratefully received by the FRIENDS' EMERGENCY and WAR VICTIMS' RELIEF COMMITTEE, (A. Ruth Fry, Hon. Secretary), 27, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
- ¶ Gifts of Clothing (new or partly worn) will be welcomed at the Warehouse, 11, St. Bride Street, London E.C.4.

Kindly mention the "ATHENÆUM" when replying to this appeal.



# MESSRS. METHUEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNOUNCEMENT LIST SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

## EINSTEIN'S GREAT BOOK

**RELATIVITY, The Special and the General Theory of.** By Albert Einstein,

Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin.

Translated by ROBERT W. LAWSON, Sheffield University. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [In preparation]

In this book which is written for the average reader Prof. Einstein explains his famous theory of Relativity which has so excited the scientific world. It is intended primarily for those readers who, though interested in the trend of modern theory, are not conversant with the mathematical analysis used in theoretical physics. The Theory of Gravitation, which Einstein derives from his general theory of Relativity clears away many of the defects of the older theory. It has already explained results of Astronomical observation which have long been a stumbling block. It has stimulated thought and marks the commencement of a new Era in natural and scientific and philosophical research.

### General Literature

**THE PHANTOM JOURNAL and Other Essays and Diversions.** By E. V. Lucas. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

**THE LURE OF THE MAP.** By W. P. James. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net. [April]

**NOT THAT IT MATTERS.** By A. A. Milne. Author of "The Day's Play." Fcap. 8vo. 6s. net.

**OLD VILLAGE LIFE.** By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [May]

**DUPELIX AND CLIVE: The Beginning of Empire.** By Henry Dodwell, M.A. Oxon, F.R.Hist.S., Curator of the Madras Record Offices. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL.** By S. Baring-Gould. Demy 8vo. 15s. net. [April]

**SCALA MUNDI.** By Arthur Chandler, Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein. Author of "Ara Coeli." Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

**A HANDBOOK TO THE SEPTUAGINT.** By Richard R. Otley. Crown 8vo. 8s. net.

**GREEK TRAGEDY.** By Gilbert Norwood, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University College, Cardiff. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**THE BEE-MASTER OF WARRILOW.** By Tickner Edwardes. Author of "The Lore of the Honey Bee." With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

**THE CONFESSIONS OF JACOB BOEHME.** Compiled and edited by W. Scott Palmer. With an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

**THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.** By George Herbert Perris. With 12 maps and plans. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR.** By A. F. Pollard, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of English History in the University of London. With 19 maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

### Sport, Travel, etc.

**MOUNTAIN CRAFT.** By G. Winthrop Young. Crown 8vo. 15s. net. [May]

**A BOOK OF THE SEVERN.** By A. G. Bradley. With 16 Illustrations in colour by R. H. Buxton. Demy 8vo. 15s. net. [April]

**SKATING.** By A. E. Crawley. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. net. Sport series.

**CROSS-COUNTRY SKI-ING.** By Arnold Lunn. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

**AUCTION PIQUET.** By "Rubicon." Fcap. 8vo. 4s. net.

### Philosophy, Economics, Politics, etc.

**BERGSON and HIS PHILOSOPHY.** By J. Alexander Gunn, M.A., Professor of Philosophy, University of Liverpool. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [In preparation]

**SOCIAL EVOLUTION.** By Benjamin Kidd. A new edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

**SOCIAL THEORY.** By G. D. H. Cole, M.A. Formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**CHAOS AND ORDER IN INDUSTRY.** By G. D. H. Cole, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7s. net. [April]

**A SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1815-1918.** By J. F. Rees, M.A., Lecturer on Economic History in the University of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**SOCIAL ECONOMICS.** By J. Harry Jones, M.A., Professor of Economics in the University of Leeds. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [April]

**A PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.** By E. J. Urwick, M.A. (Oxon), Tooke Professor of Economic Science, London School of Economics. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [May]

**ECONOMICS.** By James Gunnison, M.A., Lecturer in Social Economics in the University of Glasgow. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [April]

**NATIONALITY.** By Sydney Herbert. Assistant Lecturer in International Politics, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSUASION.** By William Maepherston, M.A., Inspector of Schools to the City of Bradford Education Committee. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [May]

### Scientific and Technical

**INVERTEBRATE PALEONTOLOGY: An Introduction to the Study of Fossils.** By Herbert L. Hawkins, M.Sc., F.G.S., Lecturer in Geology, University College, Reading. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [April]

**COAL MINING AND THE COAL MINER.** By H. F. Bulman, M.I.Min.E., Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., F.G.S. Author of "Colliery Working and Management," etc. With Illustrations and Plans. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

**CHEMISTRY FOR PUBLIC HEALTH STUDENTS.** By E. Gabriel Jones, M.Sc., F.I.C., Lecturer in Public Health Chemistry in the University of Liverpool, Deputy Public Analyst for the City of Liverpool. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

## METHUEN'S POPULAR NOVELS

**HOW THEY DID IT.** Crown 8vo. 8s. net. Gerald O'Donovan

**PILATE GAVE SENTENCE.** Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. C. M. Cresswell

**WELL-TO-DO ARTHUR.** Crown 8vo. 7s. net. W. Pitt Ridge

**ADMIRAL TEACH.** C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne

**OH! PERFECT LOVE.** Lady Troubridge

**CALL MR. FORTUNE.** H. C. Bailey

**LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.** Clara Turnbull

**SESTRINA.** A. Safroni-Middleton

**DAD.** Albert P. Terhune

**JOHN BULL, JUNIOR.** F. Wren Child

**RED AND BLACK.** Grace S. Richmond

**FIREBRAND TREVISON.** Charles A. Seltzer

**ROAST BEEF MEDIUM.** Edna Ferber

**THE ARGUS PHEASANT.** John C. Beecham

**THE GODS OF MARS.** Crown 8vo. 6s. net. Edgar R. Burroughs

**TYOPA.** Ernest Glanville

**THE CODE OF THE MOUNTAINS.** Charles Neville Buck

**METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36, ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C.2**



# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS

## CONTENTS

JOHN CLARE, by Edmund Blunden ... .. 297	MARGINALIA AND OTHER NOTES:	MUSIC:
POETRY:	An Unpublished Essay by Shelley ... .. 306	Opera at the Surrey, by Edward J. Dent ... 313
Romantic Relapse, by J. J. Adams ... .. 299	Poetry and Commonplace ... .. 306	Concerts ... .. 313
The Sorrows of Werther, by F. W. Stokoe ... 299	A History of the Christian Church ... .. 306	DRAMA:
March: a Shakespeare Reading, by Dorothea Summer... .. 301	Marginalia, by Autolycus ... .. 307	Emotions ... .. 314
REVIEWS:	Bibliographical Notes ... .. 308	Dramedy ... .. 316
The Humanity of Tchekov ... .. 299	Book Sale ... .. 308	CORRESPONDENCE:
New Prospects ... .. 301	SCIENCE:	The Phoenix Society—Italian Books—The First Folio Poem initialled "I. M."—Wilson King's "German Free Cities"—The Holy Jumpers—Charles Nodier and the English 315-316
Printing and Book Production, by J. H. Mason 302	Patient Plodders... .. 308	FOREIGN LITERATURE:
Democracy ... .. 303	The Endowment of Medical Research ... 309	Rainer Maria Rilke ... .. 317
In Lavender ... .. 303	Societies ... .. 310	A Glimpse at Mediæval Islam ... .. 318
A Vision of the Past ... .. 304	Forthcoming Meetings ... .. 310	M. Max Jacob ... .. 318
The Anthropology of the Grail ... .. 305	FINE ARTS:	Letters from Italy: VIII. Historical and Political Studies, by Guido de Ruggiero ... 319
An Old Hand ... .. 306	Wilcoxism, by Clive Bell ... .. 311	LIST OF NEW BOOKS ... .. 320-328
	Exhibitions of the Week ... .. 312	
	The late M. Modigliani ... .. 312	

### JOHN CLARE

LEST the eternal impulse of poetry should seem mere superstition, unelemental, superinduced, and man-handled; lest poetry itself appear to belong solely to the region of education and mental refinement, from the highways and byways of the land at times have come and shall come signs and utterances to prove its natural origin. There is to-day a profusion of poetic composition; there is surprising command of form and diction, there is brilliance and purpose, and little besides. With a few notable exceptions, we know precisely the level on which the modern poet feels himself to be competent, whether his preference be to describe leaves as "green" or to describe them as "wooden." The new canon may be thus expressed, "You can't put that"; and so while actual bathos is missing, outflash is likewise carefully checked. Well might the cynic of to-day, weary of the search for the real daring of straightforwardness with all its imperfections, return to Cowper's condemnation of "a mere mechanic art"; or to that finest apologia, "In 'Endymion' I leapt headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice." And thus direct was John Clare.

Born two years before Keats, John Clare was by nature and force of circumstances an unquestioning believer of his creed, "Beauty is Truth." In a dismal overcrowded Northamptonshire cottage his tragic life began, and wretched as were the conditions of farm labourers then, Clare's father was deprived by recurring illness of what small livelihood he had once obtained. Accordingly the little boy, who at his birth "might have been put into a pint-pot," was at the earliest

age sent out to mind geese and cows, to help with his own miniature flail at corn-threshing, and worse, to follow the plough in heavy soils. There was already something about him which caused the village folk to shake their heads. The horizon puzzled him not a little, and one day he wandered miles and miles to reach it. Rounding up his cows in marshy ground, he always looked fearfully over his shoulder, for there were ghosts in ambush waiting to attack him. Further, he was well known to be fond of an old gipsy-woman, who taught him folk-songs and weather-wisdom. And soon, while jobbing at the Blue Bell, burning lime, or serving in the militia, he made himself at home with reading and writing, and on scraps of paper tried his hand at ballads of his own.

And now his life became complex indeed. Poetry and love constantly beset him with exaltations and depressions, and made him so unsatisfactory a day-labourer that he could afford neither of them. With vast trouble, it is true, he hoarded together a pound and distributed a proposal for publishing by subscription "A Collection of Original Trifles"; but his first sweetheart, who was to him as Fanny Brawne to another John, was forbidden by a hard-headed father to take any further notice of this wild-looking, verse-making, out-of-work whopstraw. This blow was at length the main theme in the tragedy of John Clare.

But good came out of the poetical prospectus, and in January, 1820, the publishers of Keats issued the Poems of John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant, with a remarkable introduction and a glossary of words "not to be found in Johnson." Now for a time the shadow seemed to lift from Clare; he married, he became fashionable, visitors picked their way through the mud of Helpstone to find his cottage, and a public fund reached such a success that Clare was ensured a sort of annuity of £30. Next year "The Village Minstrel,"

by "The Northamptonshire Peasant," appeared, and increased the popular admiration, and Clare had made the acquaintance of most of the literary lions of the day, particularly those of the *London Magazine*.

But, just as the lime-kiln owner had found the poet a poor lime-burner, so now and henceforward Clare found himself a failure in practical matters. Attempts at smallholding came to nothing, and presently the faint praise and fainter sale accorded to his third book of poems overcast his outlook entirely. He wrote for the annuals, which mostly omitted to pay him; and of such a peculiar cast was his nature that he even refused anything like generous remuneration from his great friend Allan Cunningham, who was always glad to use his poems. Meanwhile he was half-starving himself so that his growing family might not go hungry; and wandering dejectedly through the fields he began to encourage hallucination. With a sort of double personality, he saw the tragedy of John Clare and his lost first love Mary, and, as a third person, before his own wife would talk of the troubles of John Clare, to a Mary whom he alone could see. He was at last taken away to a private asylum in Essex, but escaped home, crawling along with bleeding hands and feet, and eating grass. Not even this terrible journey availed him. His last book had appeared, and was scarcely noticed; and then John Clare was condemned, for the stated reason of "having spent years addicted to poetical prosings," to spend his remaining years in the madhouse at Northampton. Almost thirty years afterwards he crept to the window to look on the sunny meadows for the last time.

It cannot be said that Clare's poetry ever had fair play, even while he was alive and sane. His publishers were responsible for the selection and final re-touching of his poems, and doubtless aimed at suiting the taste of the moment rather than the essential Clare. His very rank in life, which brought him such success over his earliest book, eventually darkened his light; for the public, having bought his juvenilia with gabbling avidity, soon reckoned him a mere literary curiosity, and left his later, finer work unopened. After his death, more of his poems were edited, in the offensive sense of the word, by his biographer J. L. Cherry; and then at last Clare, having palely survived the nineteenth century in mild gift-books of the "Sabbath-Bells-Chimed-By-The-Poets" sort, was given a fresh hearing by Mr. Arthur Symons,\* who was fortunate in recovering from MSS. several astonishing poems. A vast quantity of Clare's manuscripts, however, lies derelict still, and offers the fascination of a treasure-hunt.

Of the poems published up to the present, it is curious to notice that the earlier ones are largely meditative, those written in the asylum chiefly lyrical. Throughout, in happy intimacy with village life and field life, Clare far excels any other English nature poet; indeed, his very variety of detail sometimes makes him monotonous to the less observant reader. Grandeur impressed him less than his customary walk in a swampy pasture; and in his power of making "an old mill and two or three stunted trees" rich and beautiful he is a sort of Ruysdael. He blinks

at nothing. Colour and odd sound are natural to him:

'twas sweet, to list  
The stubbles crackling with the heat,  
Just as the sun broke through the mist  
And warm'd the herdsman's rushy seat;  
And grunting noise of rambling hogs,  
Where pattering acorns oddly drop;  
And noisy bark of shepherd dogs,  
The restless routs of sheep to stop;  
While distant thresher's swingle drops  
With sharp and hollow-twanking raps;  
And nigh at hand the echoing chops  
Of hardy hedger stopping gaps . . .

This is the earlier Clare, and it would seem impossible for him ever to exhaust his ruralities. As he wrote more, he took a hint from his kindly critic Lamb and "tempered that rustic slang of his"; and further he gained in intensity. His pictures at length become unsurpassable in their kind:

Where squats the hare, to terrors wide awake,  
Like some brown clod the harrows failed to break . . .  
or again, of house-flies in a mild February,  
With feeble pace, they often creep  
Along the sun-warmed window-pane,  
Like dreaming things that walk in sleep.

His finest work in his contemporary volumes of verse—let no one insist on damning him for his many failures after Burns and "Grongar Hill"—is contained in sonnets and other brief pieces conveying (like Bewick's tailpieces) momentary impressions of nature with startling power. Of these crystallizations Clare is prodigal; and somewhat akin to them are the longer and more personal or more analytical poems, such as "The Flitting," "Taste," and "Remembrances." The rhythm of the last-named poem of childhood is quite wonderful:

Summer's pleasures they are gone, like to visions every one,  
And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on.

There is another important aspect of this truest and unluckiest of poets. As a lyric poet purely, he never really achieved an authentic note until "the shipwreck of his own esteems" had tortured him into a new being. Then came the bursts of song, utterly unspoiled by his old slavish echoing of Burns; nor in his tragedy did he merely moan and cry, but of his happy loves, his childhood in the green land, the warm colour and bright tumult of nature, he would ring out rich and wild as a blackbird. It is true that he often ends in a sob:

I am! yet what I am who cares or knows?—

but the glorious buoyancy of Clare in the madhouse is one of the finest things in human history. When he poises, as sometimes he does, on the verge of joy and sorrow, his poetry is the most moving: now he writes an *Adieu*!—

I left the little birds,  
And sweet lowing of the herds,  
And couldn't find out words,  
Do you see,  
To say to them good-bye,  
Where the yellowcups do lie:  
So heaving a deep sigh,  
Took to sea. . .

now he grieves for a little child (perhaps the same for whom he wrote those merry songs "Trotty Wagtail" and "Clock-a-Clay"):

\* "Poems by John Clare," edited with an introduction by A. Symons (Oxford, 1908).

When Autumn came, and blasts did sigh  
 And bare were flower and tree,  
 As he for ease in bed did lie  
 His soul seemed with the free,—  
 He died so quietly.

Fate has not ceased to pursue Clare since his death, and not only has his published work been neglected—witness, for instance, the callous and spiritually grotesque article in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—but also his asylum manuscripts, which probably contain his utmost achievement, and number five hundred poems, have long since gone astray. Is it too late to hope that they somewhere exist, and that the genuine, spontaneous, affectionate poetry of Clare may at last be recognized as one of the rarer possessions of England?

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

### ROMANTIC RELAPSE

Now is come the season of tranquil retrospect,  
 Meditation among the tombs of ancestors.  
 Accepted by those old spirits, I reject  
 This too crude world and all its gropings and errors.

Out of a clash of azure and scarlet and yellow,  
 I have come into a region of ivory and old gold.  
 There are soft edges to things, the air is fruity and mellow.  
 Smoothly waggle the dusty beards of the graciously old.—

"Welcome, my son. Repose yourself just here, my son,  
 On this delicious piece of Chippendale I place  
 Exactly here, that you remark the lines that run  
 Between the mantle-piece and the larger bookcase.

Every evening I read in great-grandfather's books.  
 Taste and great-grandpapa are synonymous for me.—  
 Here a Fragonard, I believe—nymphs pursued by pastry-  
 cooks:

The plumpest nymph a little gnawed by rats unfortun-  
 ately!"

Old men go home in ripeness; their least gesture  
 Is weighty, thoughtful, significant and sage.  
 They are sober and harmonious in their vesture.  
 Old men, I envy your notable gift of age!

I will eagerly grow old, surround myself with antiques,  
 Move with severe mien to a settled plan.  
 Before Time can whiten my hair and hollow my callow  
 cheeks,

I shall be older and graver than any old man!

J. J. ADAMS.

### THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

In old, dim days—nay, passionate, poignant, true—  
 Love-drunken Werther raved, despaired, and died.  
 The other day I read it all anew  
 And, ere I shut the covers, stepped inside  
 And found good Albert making from the room,  
 A little puzzled, busy, narrow, trim;  
 And Werther crouching in ecstatic gloom  
 While Lotte played that magic air for him.  
 Young, modest, generous and fair were they.  
 And when the little melody was played  
 He kissed her hand and wept—how cool it lay  
 In his, impassioned, hers, all unafraid!  
 Their twilight falls. Our insolent daylight shows,  
 (Bright feathers in the cold deserted nest),  
 Her pretty ribbons and her furbelows,  
 His curious long blue coat and yellow vest.

F. W. STOKER.

## REVIEWS

### THE HUMANITY OF TCHEHOV

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.  
 Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Chatto &  
 Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE case of Tchehov is one to be investigated again and again because he is the only great modern artist in prose. Tolstoy was living throughout Tchehov's life, as Hardy has lived throughout our own, and these are great among the greatest. But they are not modern. It is an essential part of their greatness that they could not be; they have a simplicity and scope that manifestly belongs to all time rather than to this. Tchehov looked towards Tolstoy as we to Hardy. He saw in him a Colossus, one whose achievement was of another and a greater kind than his own.

I am afraid of Tolstoy's death. If he were to die there would be a big empty place in my life. To begin with, because I have never loved any man as much as him. . . . Secondly, while Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a literary man; even recognizing that one has done nothing and never will do anything is not so dreadful, since Tolstoy will do enough for all. His work is the justification of the enthusiasms and expectations built upon literature. Thirdly, Tolstoy takes a firm stand; he has an immense authority, and so long as he is alive, bad tastes in literature, vulgarity of every kind, insolent and lachrymose, all the bristling, exasperated vanities will be in the far background, in the shade. . . . (January, 1900.)

Tchehov realized the gulf that separated him from the great men before him, and he knew that it yawned so deep that it could not be crossed. He belonged to a new generation, and he alone perhaps was fully conscious of it. "We are lemonade," he wrote in 1892.

Tell me honestly who of my contemporaries—that is, men between thirty and forty-five—have given the world one single drop of alcohol? . . . Science and technical knowledge are passing through a great period now, but for our sort it is a flabby, stale, dull time. . . . The causes of this are not to be found in our stupidity, our lack of talent, or our insolence, but in a disease which for the artist is worse than syphilis or sexual exhaustion. We lack "something," that is true, and that means that, lift the robe of our muse, and you will find within an empty void. Let me remind you that the writers who we say are for all time or are simply good, and who intoxicate us, have one common and very important characteristic: they are going towards something and are summoning you towards it, too, and you feel, not with your mind but with your whole being, that they have some object, just like the ghost of Hamlet's father, who did not come and disturb the imagination for nothing. . . . And we? We! We paint life as it is, but beyond that—nothing at all. . . . Flog us and we can do more! We have neither immediate nor remote aims, and in our soul there is a great empty space. We have no politics, we do not believe in revolution, we have no God, we are not afraid of ghosts, and I personally am not afraid even of death and blindness. One who wants nothing, hopes for nothing, and fears nothing cannot be an artist.

You think I am clever. Yes, I am at least so far clever as not to conceal from myself my disease and not to deceive myself, and not to cover up my own emptiness with other people's rags, such as the ideas of the 'sixties and so on.

That was written in 1892. When we remember all the strange literary effort gathered round about that year in the West—Symbolism, the "Yellow Book," Art for Art's sake—and the limbo into which it has been thrust by now, we may realize how great a precursor, and, in his own despite, a leader Anton Tchehov was. When Western literature was plunging with enthusiasm into one *cul de sac* after another, incapable of diagnosing its own disease, Tchehov in Russia, unknown to the West, had achieved a clear vision and a sense of perspective.

To-day we begin to feel how intimately Tchehov belongs to us; to-morrow we may feel how infinitely he is still in advance of us. A genius will always be in advance of a talent, and in so far as we are concerned with the genius of Tchehov we must accept the inevitable. We must analyse and seek to understand it; we must above all



realize that since Tchegov has written and been made accessible to us a vast amount of our modern literary production is simply unpardonable. Writers who would be modern and ignore Tchegov's achievement are, however much they may persuade themselves that they are devoted artists, merely engaged in satisfying their vanity or in the exercise of a profession like any other; for Tchegov is a standard by which modern literary effort must be measured, and the writer of prose fiction who is not sufficiently single-minded to apply the standard himself is of no particular account.

Though Tchegov's genius is, strictly speaking, imitable, it deserves a much exacter study than it has yet received. The publication of this volume of his letters hardly affords the occasion for that; but it does afford an opportunity for the examination of some of the chief constituents of his perfect art. These touch us nearly because—we insist again—the supreme interest of Tchegov is that he is the only great modern artist in prose. He belongs, as we have said, to us. If he is great, then he is great not least in virtue of qualities which we may aspire to possess; if he is an ideal, he is an ideal to which we can refer ourselves. He had been saturated in all the disillusion which we regard as peculiarly our own, and every quality which is distinctive of the epoch of consciousness in which we are living now is reflected in him—and yet, miracle of miracles, he was a great artist. He did not rub his cheeks to produce a spurious colour of health; he did not profess beliefs which he could not maintain; he did not seek a reputation for universal wisdom, or indulge himself in self-gratifying dreams of a millennium which he alone had the ability to control. He was and wanted to be nothing in particular, and yet, as we read these letters of his, we feel gradually form within ourselves the conviction that he was a hero—more than that, *the* hero of our time.

It is important that, in reading the letters, we do not consider him under the aspect of an artist. We are inevitably fascinated by his character as a man, one who, by efforts which we have most frequently to divine for ourselves from his reticences, worked on the infinitely complex material of the modern mind and soul, and made it in himself a definite, positive and most lovable thing. He did not throw in his hand in face of his manifold bewilderments; he did not fly for refuge to institutions in which he did not believe; he risked everything, in Russia, by having no particular faith in revolution and saying so. In every conjuncture of his life that we can trace in his letters he behaved squarely by himself, and, since he is our great exemplar, by us. He refused to march under any political banner—a thing, let it be remembered, of almost inconceivable courage in his country; he submitted to savagely hostile attacks for his political indifference; yet he spent more of his life and energy in doing active good to his neighbour than all the high-souled professors of liberalism and social reform. He undertook an almost superhuman journey to Sahalin in 1890 to investigate the condition of the prisoners there; in 1892 he spent the best part of a year as a doctor devising preventive measures against the cholera in the country district where he lived, and, although he could do no writing, he refused the government pay in order to preserve his own independence of action; in another year he was the leading spirit in organizing practical measures of famine relief about Nizhni-Novgorod. From his childhood to his death, moreover, he was the sole support of his family. Measured by the standards of Christian morality, Tchegov was wholly a saint. His self-devotion was boundless.

Yet we know he was speaking nothing less than the truth of himself when he wrote: "It is essential to be indifferent." Tchegov was indifferent; but his indifference, as a mere catalogue of his secret philanthropies

will show, was of a curious kind. He made of it, as it were, an axiomatic basis of his own self-discipline. Since life is what it is and men are what they are, he seems to have argued, everything depends upon the individual. The stars are hostile, but love is kind, and love is within the compass of any man if he will work for it. In one of his earliest letters he defines what true culture is for the benefit of his brother Nikolay, who lacked it. Cultivated persons, he says, respect human personality; they have sympathy not for beggars and cats only; they respect the property of others, and therefore pay their debts; they are sincere and dread lying like fire; they do not disparage themselves to arouse compassion; they have no shallow vanity; if they have a talent they respect it; they develop the æsthetic feeling in themselves . . . they seek as far as possible to restrain and ennoble the sexual instinct. The letter from which these chief points are taken is a monument of sympathy and wit. Tchegov was twenty-six when he wrote it. He concludes with the words: "What is needed is constant work day and night, constant reading, study, will. Every hour is precious for it."

In that letter are given all the elements of Tchegov the man. He set himself to achieve a new humanity, and he achieved it. The indifference upon which Tchegov's humanity was built was not therefore a moral indifference; it was, in the main, the recognition and acceptance of the fact that life itself is indifferent. To that he held fast to the end. But the conclusion which he drew from it was not that it made no particular difference what anyone did, but that the attitude and character of the individual were all-important. There was, indeed, no panacea, political or religious, for the ills of humanity; but there could be a mitigation in men's souls. But the new asceticism must not be negative. It must not cast away the goods of civilization because civilization is largely a sham.

Alas! I shall never be a Tolstoyan. In women I love beauty above all things, and in the history of mankind, culture expressed in carpets, carriages with springs, and keenness of wit. Ach! To make haste and become an old man and sit at a big table!

Not that there is a trace of the hedonist in Tchegov, who voluntarily endured every imaginable hardship if he thought he could be of service to his fellow-men, but, as he wrote elsewhere, "we are concerned with pluses alone." Since life is what it is, its amenities are doubly precious. Only they must be amenities without humbug.

Pharisaism, stupidity and despotism reign not in bourgeois houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation. . . . That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trade marks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take. This is the programme I would follow if I were a great artist.

What "the most absolute freedom" meant to Tchegov his whole life is witness. It was a liberty of a purely moral kind, a liberty, that is, achieved at the cost of a great effort in self-discipline and self-refinement. In one letter he says he is going to write a story about the son of a slave—Tchegov was the son of a serf—who "squeezed the slave out of himself." Whether the story was ever written we do not know, but the process is one to which Tchegov applied himself all his life long. He waged a war of extermination against the lie in the soul in himself, and by necessary implication in others also.

He was, thus, in all things a humanist. He faced the universe, but he did not deny his own soul. There could be for him no antagonism between science and literature, or science and humanity. They were all pluses; it was men who quarrelled among themselves. If men would only develop a little more loving-kindness, things would

be better. The first duty of the artist was to be a decent man.

Solidarity among young writers is impossible and unnecessary. . . . We cannot feel and think in the same way, our aims are different, or we have no aims whatever, we know each other little or not at all, and so there is nothing on to which this solidarity could be securely hooked. . . . And is there any need for it? No, in order to help a colleague, to respect his personality and work, to refrain from gossiping about him, envying him, telling him lies and being hypocritical, one does not need so much to be a young writer as simply a man. . . . Let us be ordinary people, let us treat everybody alike, and then we shall not need any artificially worked up solidarity.

It seems a simple discipline, this moral and intellectual honesty of Tchekhov's, yet in these days of conceit and coterie his letters strike us as more than strange. One predominant impression remains: it is that of Tchekhov's candour of soul. Somehow he had achieved with open eyes the mystery of pureness of heart; and in that, though we dare not analyse it further, lies the secret of his greatness as a writer and of his present importance to ourselves.

J. M. M.

## NEW PROSPECTS

SCIENCE AND LIFE. By Frederick Soddy. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is surely a great merit in Mr. Soddy's book that it awakens in us once more the feeling of adventure.

The war, amongst other things, gave us a surfeit of adventure; the quest of the new, the strange, the thrilling, here suffered a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*, for we came to see, all too clearly, what weary, stale, unprofitable realities underlay all these dazzling appearances. The world has become old. The great thoughts of the sages, the inspired utterances of the poets, can now stir but a languid interest; we know the ideal does not shape the real. As the war-mongers said, the war brought us back to realities. It did; and we are bored to impotence by them. Even travel books have lost their charm; we remember the words of the great Abbé: "Les postillons nous disent que voici Montbard. Ce lieu m'est inconnu. Néanmoins je ne crains pas d'affirmer, par analogie, que les gens qui vivent là, nous semblables, sont égoïstes, lâches, perfides, gourmands, libidineux. Autrement, ils ne seraient point des hommes . . ."

Being brought back to realities, and finding that they are purely "material," we can discover hope of essential change only in a profound alteration in the material basis of life. Mr. Soddy's book is exciting because this is exactly what he promises. He implies that the "spiritual" forces, philosophy, literature, the arts, have had a good innings, and that the results they have achieved do not inspire confidence. He suggests that we turn to science, and makes it the chief reason for effecting the change. He accepts the intended reproach that science is materialistic. In a civilization which is at the point of disaster for purely material reasons he thinks the first place should be given to that activity which promises the richest material results. The reproach of science has become its glory: its title to ignominy now justifies its claim to be regarded as the saviour of the world. But this is not all. The choice is not between recognizing and ignoring science; it cannot be ignored, and the choice is between a friend and an enemy. If we do not allow it to build the world, it will infallibly blow it to pieces.

Let us suppose that it became possible to extract the energy which now oozes out, so to speak, from radio-active materials over a period of thousands of millions of years, in as short a time as we pleased. From a pound weight of such substances one would get about as much energy as would be obtained by burning 150 tons of coal. How splendid! Or a pound weight could be made to do the work of 150 tons of dynamite. Ah! there's the rub. Imagine, if you can, what the present war would be like if such an explosive had actually been discovered instead of being still in the keeping

of the future. Yet it is a discovery that conceivably might be made to-morrow, in time for its development and perfection for the use or destruction, let us say, of the next generation, and which, it is pretty certain, will be made by science sooner or later.

As Mr. Soddy shows, such purely materialistic considerations are extremely pertinent to human welfare. A community which could liberate the energy of the atom could gain *wealth* surpassing the dreams of avarice. And by wealth Mr. Soddy makes it clear that he means control of nature, ensuring, almost as by-products, food, raiment, health and leisure. Mr. Soddy says that some of the opponents of scientific education affect to despise such considerations and that he therefore addresses his remarks primarily to the Labour Party. If the opponents of Labour allow it to monopolize this programme Labour will indeed sweep the country. Practically the whole of Mr. Soddy's book is concerned to emphasize this point that science can no longer be neglected, that it is the potential master of the world, and that even those devotees of the old culture who oppose it do so against their own interests, for science, and science alone, can effect that material reconstruction of society which is necessary if their activities are to endure. But since the opposition exists (Mr. Soddy's remarks on the diversion of the Carnegie funds reveal an interesting case of it) there is the danger that the endowment of science may be made a political issue. That Mr. Soddy is quite alive to this danger the following passage shows:

The war being now over, it is not out of place to add that an even greater danger than neglect awaits the scientific investigator, the danger that he along with every other creative element in the community will be remorselessly shackled and exploited to bolster up the present discredited social system . . . But in the modern world the community somehow must contrive to rule through its creative elements, rather than to allow the non-creative elements to rule the creative.

Exactly! But Mr. Soddy does not tell us how this problem is to be solved. Any solution must depend upon an estimate of the morality and intelligence of the average man; this will determine whether or not we can be optimistic about the future. The problem is sinister in view of the fact that science presents two aspects. Those radio-active bombs, for instance, could doubtless make many hideous factories and slums unnecessary; they would also serve excellently to support a tyranny. In the long run, therefore, the future rests, as always, with the will of man. Science only makes the alternative more violent: it points to a brighter heaven or a blacker hell. And because Mr. Soddy emphasizes this alternative and shows us how real and insistent it is, how unprecedentedly great are the possibilities that our actions will make real, he has reawakened in us the spirit of adventure.

J. W. N. S.

## MARCH: A SHAKESPEARE READING

Closely the formal hedges close us in,  
The great white clouds look down on us to see  
How very merry we all begin  
To read a tragedy.

There at our feet like little china toys  
The hyacinths many-coloured stand and stare,  
Utterly inattentive to this noise  
Of quarrel in the air.

The "Duke of Bedford" in a crimson rage  
To "haughty Bolingbroke" has given the lie,  
When gently flits above his fluttering page  
An early butterfly.

And there we plead and stammer and get hoarse,  
Basking in sunlight, while the breezes bring  
Down from the common with the scent of gorse  
The laziness of spring.

DOROTHEA SUMNER.

## PRINTING AND BOOK PRODUCTION

PRINTING: A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE ART OF TYPOGRAPHY. By C. T. Jacobi. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. JACOBI'S handbook shares with the two works of Southward and Powell the task of meeting the needs of those who require a text-book on letterpress printing, and they are many. The ambitious apprentice and young journeyman, striving to get a wider view of the trade than can be obtained practically, through the subdivision of labour in the printing office, particularly if he is out of reach of a technical school, must have recourse to a text-book. The buyer of printing (and to-day he is multitudinous) also has recourse to the text-book in order to get an insight into the production of this very technical commodity. Type, paper, illustration, and format; the essentials of good workmanship—on these points and many others he needs light and guidance. Mr. Jacobi's handbook deals with these matters, though of course, owing to his restricted space, by no means fully. His volume gives a general view of all that relates to practical printing, but each section is little more than introductory. Under these limitations his method is excellent. His presentment of alphabets of various types facilitates comparative study, which, added to the practice of formal pen lettering, is the way to obtain a critical knowledge of the various designs. Unfortunately, he has not revised the selection of his earlier editions, with the result that he retains a type like "Grange," and omits the all-important "Cheltenham" series. The recent types that show a close relation with pen lettering are not noticed. True, they are of antipathetic origin, but the designs are of British derivation, and every opportunity should be taken of pointing the moral to the British type-founder.

In dealing with paper Mr. Jacobi gives an excellent and most instructive selection of samples. If the qualities and appearance of these samples are thoroughly mastered, they will prove a sound foundation for a knowledge of paper in its relations to printing. On one point I offer a suggestion. Speaking of "Yellow Wove," Mr. Jacobi says that it is a "Light tint of 'blue wove'—a technical anomaly." If a sample of, say, "blue laid" was added, the comparison would make the anomaly less bewildering.

Another excellent feature of Mr. Jacobi's text-book is the Glossarial Index. It does not, however, seem to have been revised, e.g., "American hard packing" can scarcely be said to be in contra-distinction to the *usual* style adopted in England in these days of half-tone printing, whatever it was when the passage was first written. The definition of "Antique type" is not the sense in which that term is used in the printing office, where it signifies a thickened form of the roman letter (cf. the examples on pp. 20 and 21), and this sense should be noted. "Beard" is not synonymous with "bevel" in general usage, but includes the flat part of the shoulder below the letter; "Counter," in the sense of the whites of a type made by the counter-punch, is not given. The term "Old Style" ought certainly to be referred to the type cut by Miller & Richard, after the revived old face of Caslon.

It is a pity Mr. Jacobi has not seen his way to add a chapter on the productions of the Chiswick Press, "*quorum pars magna fuit*." It would be a most valuable contribution to the history of printing in this country, for the Chiswick Press has clung tenaciously to the older traditions of the days of the hand-press—traditions that were carried on into machine printing, but have been ousted by the changes consequent on the introduction of half-tone process blocks. The Chiswick Press did much to keep alive a sense of craftsmanship in printing, and has been

in touch with that other important chapter in printing history, the rise of the modern private presses, such as the Kelmscott Press and the Doves Press, as well as being closely associated with the late Mr. Proctor's attempt to revive fifteenth-century standards in Greek type design.

The history of printing in England during the last thirty years is, broadly, an account of the work of the private presses; of the renaissance of formal writing and its wide and deep influence on lettering; of the development of the half-tone and three-colour processes; of the growth of advertising, and the effect of men of greater culture and critical powers taking it up as a career; and of the growth of technical schools, particularly those forming part of an arts and crafts school. Schools of this type are far more valuable in developing the artistic side of a trade such as printing than Monotechnics, or even similar schools in Polytechnics, owing to the invaluable intercourse with classes in lettering and illustration; nor would the same purpose be served by setting up such classes in a Monotechnic; for, in their turn, these classes need the fertilizing influence of the main streams of artistic activities.

The private presses of to-day have mostly gone back to the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries for their models, and interpreted them in a way that has set a standard for good book-work. The early books needed this interpretation, for their accidents made them seem entirely remote from modern work. We have learned that the scale, as well as the design of a type, is very important, and this had been entirely obscured for us by the perverse ingenuity that aimed at microscopical fineness, cf. Johnson's "Typographia," 1824;\* we have learned to value the texture as against the surface of a paper, simplicity of arrangement of the text, unity of type and illustration, and parsimony in our range of types.

The revival of formal handwriting has given us a standard of letter form, as opposed to the "elegance" so admired by earlier sentimentalism and wayward or grotesque fancy (cf. Stower's "Grammar of Printing," and typefounders' specimen books passim, for the latter constitute the limbo where the queer old types can still be found lingering).

Half-tone printing has developed the technique of printing to a deadly perfection, and the engineers have done their worst to give us perfect machinery. Gone is the honest old hand-press, a little clumsy, perhaps, but never attempting to imitate, in the flatness of its impression, work from the lithographer's stone. The sparkling wood-engraving has given place to the scratchy line-block or the rapid half-tone—though occasionally there is a strong reaction—even in colour work.

The technical schools have brought systematized instruction within the reach of the learner, in place of the hand-to-mouth method of "picking up the trade" which obtained in many printing offices. The Day Technical Schools have gone further, for they select boys according to a certain standard of attainment—by no means an ideal selection, but better than the mere drift that brought boys into the trade hitherto.

Advertising has influenced printing enormously—formerly in the direction of extreme vulgarity; but, during this last twenty years or more, with an ever-rising standard. For advertisers have shown themselves sensitively responsive to the improved taste in typography, and, in their turn, have spread this improvement in ever-widening circles. The advertisement, which was formerly a medley of types, is now often an admirable piece of design or pattern, restrained, and in excellent taste: the other kind of taste is still abundant.

In conclusion, let me again emphasize the importance of the work of the private presses; for the Kelmscott Press

\* The small type, of which there is a good deal, is about seventeen lines to an inch.



re-established the standards of good paper and ink, of sound design and generous scale in type, and set an example of joyous decoration that fairly exulted in laborious workmanship, and scamped nothing. The Doves Press set a standard of beautiful and austere typography—undecorated except for its large initial letters and words, yet to some of us, in its plain elegance, adorned the most. The Chiswick Press, almost alone amongst the commercial printing offices in London, has, meanwhile, kept alive a high standard of general workmanship in book production.

J. H. MASON.

## DEMOCRACY

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY. By Ivor J. C. Brown. (R. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.)

MR. BROWN has been irritated by the newspapers. It is an emotion that most of us have experienced, although our reactions to the irritation may have been very different. Some of us, self-conscious intellectuals, have accepted the claim of the newspaper to represent the ordinary man, have decided that so muddle-headed and powerful a creature will inevitably ruin civilization, and have developed a class consciousness. We no longer believe that the great banner of the arts and sciences will lead mankind to a better world. We have furled the great banner, and each of us waves a little pocket flag for the melancholy interest of seeing how long he can wave it. Mr. Brown has reacted in a different way. He thinks that the newspapers represent, not the ordinary man, but the enemies and exploiters of the ordinary man; that they continually tell the ordinary man that he has achieved democracy in order to prevent his achieving it. As a counter-blast he proposes to show what democracy really is and leave the ordinary man to decide whether he has got it. He has produced an excellent little book.

He is no doctrinaire; he avoids the mistake made by stupidly logical people of pushing principles to their logical conclusions. We must deal with things in the rough, for the simple reason that we are dealing with great numbers of people. This is his defence of the democratic doctrine of equality, a doctrine which is obviously false, but whose alternatives are unworkable. The more people we deal with, the less practical it becomes to distinguish between them. The seats in omnibuses are designed in the light of this principle, with the result that exceptionally long-legged people are greatly inconvenienced. But any other method is uneconomical and unpractical.

Having established the principles of democracy in this common-sense way, Mr. Brown goes on to consider how democracy may be practically ensured. Large populations mean representative government. Representative government means a certain amount of injustice to minorities. How can this be made a minimum? Mr. Brown here refers the reader to Proportional Representation, the Alternative Vote, and so on. He does not discuss them; his purpose is to show at what point in the general theory these schemes come in. The community of equal persons having, on one method or another, elected their representatives, there remain the knotty problems of controlling the never-ending audacity of elected persons, and, more difficult still, of supervising the administrative officials. Again we must be practical. "The ship of State must be steered between the Scylla of pettifogging obstruction and the Charybdis of an autocratic bureaucracy." He proposes committees like those of the French Chamber. But at this point a doubt, which grows more insistent as the argument advances, occurs to him. All this supervision on the part of the electorate means a lot of vigilance and hard work. Will not the ordinary man find this rather tiresome? As Mr. Brown grows more and more detailed, so the ordinary man has to work harder

and harder. We see him changing under our eyes. He becomes more and more public-spirited, he grows wiser and more educated, his interests change in the distance we see the white dawn of the millennium. The consciousness of this worries Mr. Brown a little. He sticks to his guns, however; if democracy is to be a success the ordinary man must take it seriously. "Of course, if mankind refuses to be interested, and prefers beer to ballot papers and backing winners to watching officials, the task is hopeless the battle already lost." But Mr. Brown prefers to believe that mankind will respond. To make the response, easier he has to introduce Guild Socialism, of which he gives a very persuasive account. Even so, the chief incentive he offers is the pleasure of striving, "the pleasure of an uphill journey with the prospect of a fine view ahead." So we come back to Montesquieu's saying that the principle of democracy is virtue. We shall interpret this as a promise or a warning according to our estimate of the ordinary man.

## IN LAVENDER

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND. By Lady Ritchie. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"WHAT wondrous visionary estate do I not owe to my good friend!" says Lady Ritchie in the story that ends this book, speaking through the lips of a poor teacher in Kensington who lives on her memories of the Highland castle which is the home of one of her pupils. In the author's own case the "good friend" was life, and "the visionary estate" she received from it was boundless and full of charm. It is not, as she paints it, a rugged or romantic landscape; its colours are nowhere dazzling; but it is always a land of peace and sober beauty. If at times, in spite of its delicate artistry, the narrative grows a little prim, there is usually a twinkle of humour to light it up again before many lines are past. Our old-world hostess is too skilful to let us get dull.

As in an agreeable conversation, her good things come out pell-mell, without much plan or sequence. Now we get a subtly amusing sketch of the Tennysons' friend Mrs. Cameron, a true Victorian *grande dame*, with her kindly-meant despotism and her ocean of correspondence; now we hear Liszt replying to an impertinent question of Mme. Metternich about his profits, "*Je laisse les affaires aux banquiers et aux diplomates*"; now we read of the dignified, but somewhat awe-inspiring, old age of Fanny Kemble, the most lovable, perhaps, of all the tragedy-queens of our stage. While Lady Ritchie tells us of the mature woman, our thoughts fly back to the girl who offered to retrieve the family fortunes by appearing straight from school as Juliet at Covent Garden, and to the picture she has left of herself, waiting tremulously in her dressing-room before the ordeal, with her aunt silently renewing her rouge as the tears steal down her face. Then we wake to find that Lady Ritchie has gone back to the vanished Rome of the fifties, and is telling how "monks in their flapping robes and sandals walked the streets in those days; so did cardinals, followed by their attendant footmen: the Pope himself used to go by, blessing the kneeling people, his great coach following at a little distance." And presently, when travel memories are exhausted, she goes to her *escritoire* and brings out early letters of her father's, in which the future author of "Esmond" laments, his inability to paint grimy canvases of the Rape of the Sabine Women.

It will be seen that Thackeray's daughter at least knew that to justify a book of reminiscences it was not enough to remember the frocks she wore at children's parties, or how ill she felt when she first crossed the Channel. She was too scrupulous an artist to yield to that temptation. *O si sic omnes!*

## A VISION OF THE PAST

WILLIAM SMITH, POTTER AND FARMER. By George Bourne.  
(Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

ONE of the numerous horrible results of the recent war—or rather, perhaps, their total in its effect on the imagination—is the illusion of a gap in the continuity of things. It is as though in and after August, 1914, this unfortunate universe had scraped over a celestial reef, and become permanently damaged—as though little remained for us but to man the pumps and watch the water rise about us. Of course, the catastrophe was, in fact, a much more provincial affair, and even if it should prove to have shaken an over-rated civilization to pieces, there is yet no observable deterioration in the colours of sunset, and the reed-beds shake in the wind and sunlight as ever before. That is the really important point—that the elements of beauty are safe for ever. But, except at indefinable and incalculable moments, the important things, whether of nature or of human nature, lie beyond our ken. We are obsessed by the partial successes and failures of life, by the things that float on the surface—just now particularly by the political scum. Hence a peculiar feeling of gratitude at this time towards a book that draws us away from the surface to the quiet undercurrents of life, and reminding us how they flowed unobserved in the past, suggests that such depth and motion ensure their own continuity, however strangely the course of the stream may be altered; for it is the depth and motion of the tides of human life.

It may have happened to anyone walking in English country to turn aside, knock at a farmhouse door, and ask if he can be served with tea; to be then admitted to a homely kitchen, and watch the housewife preparing the meal, laying the table, setting twigs to kindle on the sunken fire; and if children be there, dividing their interest between these activities and the occasion of them, he may have wondered how the picture into which he has stepped must appear to those who grow up in familiarity with it.

One of the children has grown up, has learned the more complex speech which serves to communicate impressions and memories, and tells us here (Part I.) how the Farmhouse looked to his childish eyes. He was an inmate of Street Farm only at Christmas and in the summer; his mother lived at Farnham, seven miles away. But he belonged to it by kinship, and the house, the outbuildings, and the adjacent grass-land had for him the close, vivid familiarity of happy careless days; and something of this he conveys to us. This is but prefatory matter, however, though charming and essential to the theme he develops in the Second Part of his book: the life of the generations which preceded him at the Farm, as evoked by him with pious skill from his own impression and from the memory of those whose childhood had lain in the first half of the nineteenth century.

William Smith was born in 1790, and after a career at school which lasted three days, he assumed the dignity, or a share of the dignity, of bread-winner to the family of his newly-widowed mother; this, maybe, at the age of ten or thereabouts. He became a potter's apprentice, and at the age of nineteen bought the pottery business at Farnborough. He added a farm to it as business improved, fostered by his skill and enterprise, and the capital which a second marriage brought to it. At the farm he established himself and his family in a position of stability and comfort, which entailed cares, indeed, and constant occupation, but in its balance of activities, its full use of opportunities within a limited range, its freedom from barren dissatisfactions and ambitions, presents a picture of human development almost ideal in its adjustment to its surroundings.

These surroundings are sketched slightly, but convincingly. Farnborough, set amidst the Surrey and Hampshire heaths, lay off the main road, and over a great part of the time recorded the railway did not cut into its immediate neighbourhood. William Smith, whose business took him not infrequently to London, was something of a travelled man, even in the eyes of the local gentry. The latter did not intrude unduly into the life of the inhabitants of the farm; though Lady Palmer or a friend of hers found it necessary to call and ask for an explanation, having met one of the daughters of William Smith, who had failed to perform the expected curtsy:

"She couldn't think what had come over Ellen—such a nice girl. But—" How the interview went I never heard; but after it Ellen gave out that she wasn't going to curtsy to Lady Palmer. I can believe that she never did; she was my own mother.

It would be interesting to learn William Smith's comment on this occasion. It is not unlikely that it took the form of ironical persuasion, that he recommended Ellen to reconsider her decision, and was well pleased when she abided by it. His children were more than a little puzzled by an ironical turn or vein of dryish humour he had—witness their distress when he threatened to go to church in his "smocked frock," instead of the comely glory of top-boots, drab waistcoat and the rest—a black beaver hat crowned all; and once he purchased a white one, which must have completed an impressive appearance.

The successive clergymen, too, seem to have had little contact with village life, with the exception of Mr. Eckersell, who, during his eighteen years' residence in the parish, appears to have won the villagers' hearts by a human interest in their concerns, and had warm friends at the farm. His successor, Mr. Clayton, left the villagers to his wife's care; she made a hobby of district-visiting and regarded her husband's flock somewhat as a collection of amusing pet lambs. She was perhaps not thoroughly disliked, in spite of the widespread exasperation which she caused.

William Smith and his family were too busy to be much concerned with the doings of the gentry. The farm and the pottery provided worthier occupation. Not the least interesting chapters are those which deal in some detail with the latter industry, and perhaps the most enthralling pages in the book are those that relate how a rotten elm-stump near the kiln brought the potter within an ace of financial ruin, and the curious discovery that saved him. The course of work was relieved by the year's festivals, and by occasional homely junketings with those families whose interests were akin to or interwoven with their own; the rural feasts referred to here and there in the book have an almost poignant effect on the reader in these days of adulterated foods and rationing.

William Smith dominated his surroundings. He is a slightly enigmatical figure, perhaps because his children, from whose memory this chronicle is made, did not wholly understand him. On returning home late at night from his business excursions to London, he would get his little children out of bed to dance reels with him on the floor; in winter, he was not above sliding on roadside ponds. On the other hand, there were outbreaks of temper that frightened the children; and those recorded, taken in conjunction with a certain fastidiousness that characterized him (in the choice of words, for instance), seem to point to a marked fineness of nervous balance. He annoyed his daughters by scaring the rooks with the potent word "Shuarlup" on the way home from church. It is pleasant to learn that William Smith, with most of his neighbours, not improbably believed in fairies, and almost certainly in witches.

F. W. S.

## THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE GRAIL

FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE. By Jessie L. Weston. (Cambridge, University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

MISS WESTON writes for scholars, nay, for the kind of scholar that goes by the barbarous name of "specialist." This she is entitled to do for at least two good reasons. First, she is herself a leading authority on the sources of mediæval legend and can command the respectful attention of the erudite. Secondly, she has elsewhere dealt with the story of the Grail in a popular fashion. Thus the lay reader has already had his due in the form of a partial enlightenment, and cannot complain if he now goes on to experience the *initiation manquée* of a Gawain. Even so, however, those of us who are no experts are here enabled to understand clearly enough both the nature of the problem attacked and that of the proposed solution.

The Grail legends in their extant literary shape belong to the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries of our era. As might be expected, all the versions agree in being more or less Christian in tone. In no case, however, do they quite rise to the level of contemporary orthodoxy, as indeed was soon pointed out by puritanical critics such as Jacob van Maerlant; while in their most naive and presumably earliest forms the folk-lore element is very near the surface. Meanwhile, for the student of origins, the question is, not so much how beauty and truth have been evolved out of rude materials, as what those materials are and whence they have been derived. The mediæval author was not likely to draw on pure imagination for plot or incident. Granted, then, that a tradition of the folk-lore or pagan type is at the back of these stories of a mystic quest, what is the content of this tradition, and what the conditions of its historical development? Such is Miss Weston's theme.

Now, in the first place, it ranks by this time almost as commonplace among scholars that there are echoes in the Grail legend of some fertility cult of the type familiar to readers of "The Golden Bough." To Miss Weston belongs the honour of having propounded a plausible theory to that effect some years ago in the pages of *Folk-Lore*; and, indeed as she tells us there, very similar conclusions had long before been reached by certain German authors, even though they lacked the definite clues that Mannhardt and his disciple Sir James Frazer have since given to the world. We must not be deterred from pursuing this promising trail by scurrilous jests about "the Covent Garden school of mythology." No doubt it is possible to ride a willing horse to death, to allow a legitimate hypothesis to degenerate into a stupefying obsession. Just as the sun-myth or the totem has mesmerized some minds, while even twins or cowry-shells may in moments of speculative abandon seem to provide a key to all the creeds, so the slain god, taken in his sympathetic relation to the weather, the crops and the birth of children, may easily overmaster the critical faculty of the student of comparative religion. But it would be fatal on this account to fly to the opposite extreme and deny the validity of the theory altogether. Shall the excesses of a few cause the multitude of moderate thinkers to go dry?

It is impossible here to do justice to the intricate argument whereby Miss Weston makes good this part of her contention. Suffice it to say that the versions teem with references to a king either dead or sorely stricken in regard to his virility, with weeping women and a wasted land somehow incidental to the matter. The very fact that the narratives are one and all utterly incoherent in their allusions to these topics amounts to proof positive that we are in the presence of a survival, a decayed folk-memory;

for spontaneous creation would be bound to achieve greater lucidity. Now this complex of incidents obviously corresponds to that ritual drama of the death of the year which pervades primitive religion. As Miss Weston shows, not only our "Aryan forefathers," whoever they may precisely have been (to tell the truth, we imagined them as so described to be a little out of date), but all sorts of other agricultural peoples, from Nilotic negroes upwards to Syro-Phœnicians and Sumerians, were addicted to like "revivalist" practices. Perhaps she is wise to limit her search for parallels to the more or less "adjacent" anthropology; but even among the hunting folk of the most rudimentary culture the same *motif* of dying to live as a mystic mode of increasing the procreative energy of nature and of man could be shown to prevail widely. Meanwhile, the complementary half of the rite, the resuscitation of the effete year, the transference of the *mana* from the old to the new vessel, is but vaguely suggested, if at all, in the Grail stories as we have them. For the rest, the Grail itself—a baffling notion, since the very derivation of the word remains obscure—is at all events the vitality-giving symbol in chief, and, so far as it may be identified with the cup that goes together with the other prominent symbol of the lance, may well have phallic associations. That reminiscences of a fertility ceremony should survive in Wales, the geographical centre from which the Grail stories were probably propagated, is not remarkable, seeing that we need look no further afield than our own country for the mummers' play and folk-customs of similar import.

In the second place, however, there seems to be more in the Grail legend than the echo of a mere agricultural ceremony of a public and exoteric character. Miss Weston is convinced that the atmosphere of mystery in which the whole experience of the hero is involved implies an esoteric application of the fertility idea, a revelation to the individual by way of some kind of initiation that seeks to give him insight into the very sources of the life divine. Nor is it hard to show that such application was familiar in various forms to classical antiquity. Miss Weston lays great stress on a secret document of the Christian-Gnostic sect of the Naassenes, dating from the second century A.D., which has been recently published by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in his translation of the Hermetic writings. Here Christ, Attis and Adonis are syncretized in a transport of whirling words. But, granted that some subjectivist and salvationist rendering of the rustic theme of "seeing the new year in" might naturally develop wherever the individual note in religion had a chance of being heard, it is quite another thing to explain the actual process by which the emotional quality of a "conversion" has been imparted to the Grail story—a conversion, however, which somehow seems to stop short of fruition, as if the novice failed to complete his *rite de passage*. Miss Weston has to bridge over a millennium of unwritten history by means of guesswork, and boldly postulates that Oriental faiths which followed in the track of the Roman legionaries had lingered on among the Welsh hills. It may be so; but, unless we accept the definition of the cynic that a truth is a conclusion based on such evidence as would not be accepted in a court of law, we are bound to suspend judgment. At most we can say that transmission is more likely than independent origination, and transmission by Romanized Britons than recent importation from the East by Crusaders. In any case, Miss Weston plays the game, never dogmatizing nor declaiming, but arguing. It is scholarly, scientific work through and through.

R. R. M.

THE *Times* is informed that the family of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain have entrusted Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, with the task of writing his biography.



## AN OLD HAND

THE TRIUMPHS OF SARA. By W. E. Norris. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

NOWADAYS a great deal of fuss is made of the younger generation of novelists—nearly as much fuss, in fact, as they make of themselves. They belong, we are told, to the new school; they have ideals; they are misunderstood; they are profound; they are very important people. And somehow—we do not quite know how—we are made to feel that they are of an altogether different and more reputable kind than a number of very respectable practitioners who were born twenty years before them. These are the tradesmen; the others are the artists, the prophets.

It is all very perplexing, not least because it seems so often to amount to this: that a man who writes a prolix story badly is *ipso facto* to be preferred to one who writes a readable story well. Perhaps this is a little exaggerated, and we could more accurately state the difference in the form of advice to the budding novelist thus. If you wish to be taken seriously, spend less time on your novel than on your lecture on the aim of The Novel. Do not worry about the verisimilitude of your characters; the important thing is that they should seem to be up in the latest things—a taste of the Russian blend, the sublime unimportance of marriage—and above all be careful to be incomprehensible in parts. This you will most easily and persuasively achieve by writing of things you yourself do not comprehend.

In truth, we cannot for the life of us see why such competent, practised writers as Mr. Norris and a half-dozen others can think of should not one day turn upon their pontifical successors and rend them. Mr. Norris, for instance, should have a pretty reviewing style, and there are plenty of indications in such a book as "The Triumphs of Sara" that he can tell a whale from a stickleback. We like especially the indulgently ironical tone of the chapter which begins:

To be misunderstood is no rare affliction if one may judge by the incessant plaints in speech and print to which it gives rise; and no doubt those who are unable to make themselves intelligible to their neighbours deserve some pity. Still, for compensation, they can conclude (indeed they generally do) that if the average mortal cannot make head or tail of them, it is because they are a little above the average mortal's grasp; so that perplexity becomes an unconscious tribute to superiority. What is really dreadful is to discover that you have been understood by inferior beings while it is you yourself who have been the dupe of a false estimate.

No, Mr. Norris is not talking of the relation between the mere novelist and the new novelist. He is merely sticking to his theme, and we have no reason to suppose that the discomfiture of the high-minded and æsthetic Estelle Furness by the matter-of-fact and philistine Sara has any symbolical intention. But it very well might have.

The real point, however, is that Mr. Norris has conceived an interesting story and written it well. It will not shake the stars; and it was not meant to. As a natural, readable story of attractive people, with a good deal of unobtrusive but real psychological penetration, it could stand comparison very comfortably with a great many of the prophetic books with which the younger generation vex ourselves and stimulate the critics to a flow of superlatives. "The Triumphs of Sara" has the merit of not pretending to be high art and being bad craft. After all, in a novel the story is the thing. If you are a big man, you will make your story significant of life in some strangely comprehensive way; if you are a smaller one, you can at least make your story interesting. But you cannot get significance by neglecting the story; you will merely make those who are weary of the fashions of the hour suspect that you are incapable not merely of achieving significance, but of writing a story at all.

The publishers tell us that it is forty years since Mr. Norris published his first novel. We confess that we had no idea he was such a veteran. We can but congratulate him on his latest book and express the mild hope that a few of his successors will master the technique of novel-writing as well as he has done.

M.

## AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY BY SHELLEY

AN important prose work by Percy Bysshe Shelley, entitled "A Philosophical View of Reform," which was composed in 1820 and has remained in MS. ever since, will shortly be published by the Oxford University Press. Writing at the close of a long period of warfare, and amid conditions of turmoil, social unrest, soaring prices and shattered finance closely resembling the situation at the present day, Shelley discusses the necessity and the true nature of political reform, and proposes plans for its execution. The MS. remains unfinished, having reached about half the length originally intended, but, as Professor Dowden observes in his "Life of Shelley," it tells us more of that side of Shelley's mind which was presented to politics than any other document we possess. It fills about 200 pages of a vellum-covered note-book which was decorated by Shelley with a remarkable and beautiful drawing, of which a facsimile will be given in the edition now in preparation. The text has been transcribed and prepared for press by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, who will furnish a short introduction. The note-book came into Mr. Rolleston's hands on the death of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who had it from the late Lady Shelley, daughter-in-law of the poet.

POETRY AND COMMONPLACE ("Warton Lecture on British Poetry"). By John Bailey. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)—The commonplace, the universal, should be the basis of all poetry, and is, in fact, the basis of all existing great poetry: this is the theme of Mr. Bailey's lecture. We feel, however, that Mr. Bailey might have pointed out that the commonplace, the universally true, very frequently changes. It was once a commonplace that the earth stood still, and that the planets went whirling round on crystal spheres; it was once universally true, for Europe at least, that a fiery hell existed somewhere below our feet. Large tracts of Dante and Milton which to their contemporaries were true and commonplace are incomprehensible to us, unless we invoke the aid of scholarship. One wonders what critics five hundred years hence will think of our commonplaces—five hundred years hence, when the inevitability of death may very likely have disappeared; when the science of psychology, now only in its infancy, has disposed of all our current ideas about morality and the soul; when sexual love, by that time (who knows?) entirely divorced from maternity, will have assumed a singularly different aspect from the passion of to-day and yesterday; when many things unthinkable more peculiar have been brought about by that terrifying demon of science whom we are now beginning to let loose from his long-sealed bottle.

IN "A History of the Christian Church" (Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 14s. net) Professor Williston Walker, of Yale University, has performed a difficult task of selection and compression with much success. Seeing that, for the purposes of this volume, he gives no narrower definition of "Church" than the whole complex of bodies claiming the Christian name, it is obvious that to bring the salient points in the history of all of them within the covers of a work of some 600 pages was an achievement calling for considerable skill. What is especially admirable in Professor Walker's book is the way in which he has avoided the temptation to drop into mere cataloguing; he may not have Duchesne's command over the picturesque phrase, but (partly, we think, because of his lucid exposition of the evolution of dogma) he is a singularly readable ecclesiastical historian. To compile a handbook free from "tendency" on this subject would, of course, be impossible, for Church history, being always modern history, is always the topic of controversy. In Professor Walker's chapters the Harnackian flavour is often pronounced, but he does not obtrude this element upon his readers, nor, allowing for the obscurity which still hangs over so much of the field of Christian origins, can he fairly be said to misread his facts through devotion to his theory.

## MARGINALIA

"EARTH'S oldest inhabitants probably cannot remember a time when there were so many poets in activity, when so many books of poems were not only read, but bought and sold, when poets were held in such high esteem, when so much was written and published about poetry, when the mere forms of verse were the themes of such hot debate. There are thousands of minor poets, but poetry has ceased to be a minor subject. Anyone mentally alive cannot escape it. Poetry is in the air, and everybody is catching it. Some American magazines are exclusively devoted to the printing of contemporary poems; anthologies are multiplying, not 'Keepsakes' and 'Books of Gems,' but thick volumes representing the bumper crop of the year. Many poets are reciting their poems to big, eager, enthusiastic audiences, and the atmosphere is charged with the melodies of ubiquitous minstrelsy."

Our quotation is from the latest work of Professor Phelps of Yale, who, from tunnelling in the very minor romantic poetry of the eighteenth century, has now turned his attention to contemporary verse. "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" presents us with the results, never—it must be confessed, absorbingly interesting—of his explorations.

In what way, we naturally ask, has English poetry "advanced" during the nineteen years and a month or two since the century was born? To the question inevitably provoked by his title Professor Phelps gives only the vaguest answer. The most conspicuous sign of progress to which he can point is the increase in the quantity of poetry. Earth's oldest inhabitants, he proudly tells us, have never seen so much poetry in all their lives before. We may sincerely hope that earth's youngest inhabitants will never see so much again. Sixty years hence, when we are aged men sitting in the chimney corner, shall we tell our grandchildren of these extraordinary days? And will they, who will not have had the luck to be hatched in a nest of singing birds—will they believe our tales? We shall tell them of the men and women we knew, and how, out of the whole circle of our acquaintance, there were only three persons who did not write and publish verse. We shall enumerate the magazines devoted to the printing of poetry, and all the clubs, cliques, and conciliabules of poets and poetry-lovers. We shall lay before them statistics proving that the number of volumes of verse published in the second decade of our century exceeded the figure for any other fifty years of the world's history. But when they ask us to tell them something about the quality as well as the quantity of this flux of minstrelsy, it may be that we shall find it hard to talk with such enthusiasm about the advance of poetry in the twentieth century.

There are signs that the tide of verse has now begun to decline. The output from the publishers, enormous as it still is, is perceptibly smaller than it was two years ago. Poetry is less fashionable, and poets, grown as common as white butterflies in June, have as much or as little attention paid to them as journalists or solicitors. In a few years more it may be hoped that the shouting and the factitious excitement will have died down. Genuine poets will quietly go about their business in this serene atmosphere, and the others, chilled by a little well-directed critical discouragement, will cease to hanker after publicity.

The quantitative advance in poetry, being necessarily only temporary, is of only the slightest interest. It is a curiosity of social history, and has almost no relation to literature. What has Professor Phelps to say of the

advance in poetical quality? "Every poet," he tells us, "lives in his own time, has a share in its scientific and philosophical advance, and his individuality is coloured by his experience. . . . Shakespeare was surely a greater poet than Wordsworth; but the man of the Lakes, with the rich inheritance of two centuries, had a capital of thought unpossessed by the dramatist, which, invested by his own genius, enabled him to draw returns from nature undreamed of by his mighty predecessor." This is surely sufficiently axiomatic. Nobody expects Dante to grow enthusiastic about a solar system of which he had not heard. A twentieth-century writer naturally knows a good many things of which his seventeenth-century predecessor was ignorant. It is the fact of its up-to-dateness that often makes us prefer a contemporary to an ancient work of possibly higher literary quality. Anyone who has had occasion to confine himself exclusively, for a fairly long period of time, to the study of the literature of some past epoch knows how refreshing, how sympathetic and intelligent seems the first contemporary book, albeit of comparatively slight value, with which he breaks his fast. But the almost unavoidable process of coming up to date can scarcely be called an advance. And yet this and the increase in quantity are the only advances of which Professor Phelps gives us a hint. |

An advance in poetry, if it signifies anything, means the discovery of new subject-matter, with a new method for expressing it. Poets who have made really important advances are very few. One thinks of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Donne, Vaughan, Blake, Wordsworth, and possibly Browning. Which of the poets mentioned by Professor Phelps can be said to have made an advance comparable to that made by the least of these men? It is absurd to talk of Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, William Watson, John Drinkwater, in connection with any advance in poetry. One may or may not like what they write; but their most ardent admirers could not say that their poetry is an advance on previous English poetry in the sense that Blake's or Wordsworth's poetry was. For any advance in the poetry of this century one must look elsewhere. Mr. Hardy's poetry is an advance of considerable importance; Mr. De la Mare's is an advance on a very much smaller scale. Another small but interesting advance has been made by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. The Irish poets have made an advance of a kind; and on the narrowest of fronts, only a few hundred lines wide, Mr. T. S. Eliot has advanced (and this we may say with all due respect to Professor Phelps, who remarks: "There is such a display of cynical cleverness in the verse of T. S. Eliot that I think he might be able to write almost anything except poetry"). Professor Phelps's book would have been more valuable if he had cut out all the superfluous names and confined himself to analysing the work of the few poets who are responsible for whatever advances the art of poetry has made during the twentieth century.

## AUTOLYCUS.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE SOCIETY (whose headquarters are at 5, York Buildings, Adelphi) has recently effected an amalgamation with the Curtain Group, which is giving its farewell subscription performance at the Lyric Opera-House, Hammersmith, on Sunday, March 14, at 3 o'clock, when a new play by John Galsworthy, entitled "Defeat," will be presented for the first time.

THE next production of the Stage Society will be "From Morn to Midnight" ("Von Morgens bis Mitternachts"), a modern play in seven scenes by Georg Kaiser, a young dramatist whose work, long forbidden by the German censorship, was set free by the revolution of November, 1918. "From Morn to Midnight" has been produced successfully by Reinhardt in Berlin. The English version (to be published in book-form by Hendersons, Charing Cross Road) is by Major Ashley Dukes. The dates of performances are fixed for March 28 and 29, Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ONE of the surprises collectors are always receiving from old country-house libraries is about to be offered for competition by Messrs. Sotheby on March 23, at the close of the sale of the second portion of Mr. Yates Thompson's manuscripts. It is a little stained and soiled volume measuring 5 by 3½ inches, bound in vellum with a gilt line border and a centre fleuron ornament, stamped by some owner with the initials G. O., but its price will be very great indeed. It comes from the library of Mr. Richard F. Burton, of Longner Hall, near Shrewsbury, and contains five pieces: a 1599 "Passionate Pilgrim," not quite complete; the 1600 "Lucrece"; Thomas Middleton's "The Ghost of Lucrece," hitherto unknown; "Emaricdulf," a sonnet sequence by E. C.; and the 1599 "Venus and Adonis." The "Passionate Pilgrim" is of especial interest, as it can be shown to be made up of two impressions, one identical with the Britwell copy, the other differing both by misprints and by "make-up." Messrs. Sotheby incline to think that they are different editions of the same year, but it seems more likely that the work was printed at two presses at once, as would be done if there was a large number required rapidly. We know that there were definite trade rules as to the number of impressions that could be taken off from one setting of type, though this number varied according to time and place; and there is definite proof that two presses and two type-settings were used when certain documents were required to be issued quickly in quantity. Of the third edition of the "Lucrece" no other copies are known other than those in the Bodleian. Middleton's poem is of no great importance as literature, but it is unique; and of the E. C. sonnets only one other copy is known. The device on the title-page of the 5th edition of the "Venus and Adonis" is not in McKerrow, and the printer does not seem to have been John Harrison. Altogether, the volume is one of the greatest interest to bibliographers, who should certainly preserve Messrs. Sotheby's very careful description of it.

We have received from Messrs. Sotheran no. 774 of their catalogue, which contains a large number of works from the libraries of Sir Edward Poynter, William Michael Rossetti, and his sister Christina. Many of them are presentation copies, and there are a few interesting autograph letters. The books are offered at very low prices, considering the recent rise in value all round of second-hand books, and many are of much rarity.

## BOOK SALE

On Wednesday, February 18, and two following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold books, including the property of Mr. C. Gorsira, portions of the libraries at Erlestoke Park and Hamilton Palace, and books selected from the library of Bishop Luxmoore of St. Asaph, 1756-1830 (see THE ATHENÆUM, February 20, p. 244). Many of the French books were in eighteenth-century morocco with armorial bearings. The chief prices were: Ziegler, *Cinquante Vues du Rhin*, n.d., £112. Barbazan, *Fabliaux*, 4 vols., 1779-81, £49. Boccaccio, *Decameron*, 5 vols., 1757, £330. Boileau, *Œuvres*, 5 vols., 1747, £56. Fénelon, 2 vols., 1785, £165. Destouches, *Œuvres dramatiques*, 10 vols., 1758, £80. Gaillau, *Histoire de François I.*, 8 vols., 1769, £101. La Fontaine, *Fables Choies*, 6 vols., 1765-75, £160. Lucretius, *De la Nature des Choses*, 2 vols., 1768, £138. M<sup>me</sup>. de Maintenon, *Mémoires et Lettres*, 15 vols., 1757, £66. Marivaux, *Œuvres complètes*, 12 vols., 1781, £72. Guy Joli, *Mémoires*, 3 vols., 1751, £55. Molière, *Œuvres*, 6 vols., 1773, £120; another copy, £75. Racine, *Œuvres*, 7 vols., 1768, £170. Rollin et Crevier, *Histoire des Egyptiens*, 52 vols., 1769-71, £110. Rousseau, *Œuvres*, 38 vols., 1793-8, £67. Voltaire, *Œuvres*, 70 vols., 1785-9, £63; *Romans et Contes*, 3 vols., 1778, £61. Houghton Gallery, 2 vols., 1788, £66. Humboldt et Bonpland, *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*, 7 vols., 1815-25, £85. Jacquin, *Horæ Austriacæ*, 5 vols., 1773-8, £100; *Icones Plantarum*, 3 vols., 1781-93, £100; *Plantarum Rariorum*, 4 vols., 1797-1804, £130. Montfaucon, *L'Antiquité expliquée*, 20 vols., 1719-33, £56. Piranesi, *Vedute di Roma*, 2 vols., n.d., £60. Redoute, *Les Liliacées*, 8 vols., 1802-16, £200; *Les Roses*, 3 vols., 1817-24, £300. Waldstein et Kitaibel, *Descriptiones Plantarum*, 3 vols., 1808-12, £75. Champ-lain, *Les Voyages de la Nouvelle France*, 1632, £100. Drayton, *A Pean Triumphant*, 1604, £100. James I., *Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie*, 1584, £460. Jonson, *King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment*, 1604, £200. A volume of tracts relating to the Spanish Armada, 1588-96, £170. Blaeuw, *The Sea-Mirror*, 1633, £66. St. Augustine, *Certain select Prayers*, 1586, £56.

The total of the sale was £9,538.

## Science

## PATIENT PLODDERS

IT is a melancholy fact that the estimable qualities of patience and industry do not, by themselves, enable their possessor to attain eminence in the arts. There is very good reason to suppose that character particularly a certain simple type of integrity and sincerity, is necessary to great artistic achievement, but it is certain that such gifts are not sufficient; they must be allied with very unusual mental qualities. In the sciences, however, we often find work of very great importance being performed by men of quite average intelligence, but of exceptional tenacity. A pure heart seems to be all that is necessary. This is not true, of course, of the mathematical sciences—mathematicians, like musicians, are "born"—but it is very obviously true of what are called the "observational" sciences. A history of Astronomy, in particular, is interesting from this point of view. The fact that the whole of our knowledge of the heavens comes through the sense of sight, and that we cannot experiment, in the ordinary way, upon the heavenly bodies, means that the patient observer, by merely accumulating observations, is performing an absolutely essential function. There is no other subject which yields such rich rewards to mere patience. There is no other subject which has so long a record of valuable discoveries achieved by purely average ability. It is interesting to notice how often a telescope and a capacity for sitting still have made their owners immortal. In the region of stellar astronomy the minuteness of the phenomena which may be observed has narrowed possible competitors to those possessing large instruments, and that usually means public institutions and professional astronomers. But the history of our knowledge of the nearer heavenly bodies, the sun, the planets and the moon, owes much to the industrious amateur. No history of planetary and lunar discoveries would be complete without mention of Schröter, the "Oberamtmann" of Lilienthal, who watched the moon and planets incessantly for thirty-four years with a patience only equalled by his enthusiasm. He died of a "broken heart," the result of a French atrocity, for after firing, on the night of April 20, 1813, the Vale of Lilies and thereby destroying, amongst other things, the whole of Schröter's books and writings, the French army under Vandamme broke into and pillaged his observatory. The old man, then sixty-eight years of age, had not the means to repair the catastrophe, and, deprived of his one great interest, he died three years later, leaving, amongst his published works, some of the most long-winded and entertaining observations in the history of astronomy.

But although Schröter is undoubtedly the most amusing of all amateur observers, he has had his prototypes in all countries. Francis Baily, the "philosopher of Newbury," is a good example of our more sober English product. We may have doubts as to what sort of chief magistrate old Schröter was, but we know that Baily took his profession of stobroking with the utmost seriousness. He did not allow astronomy to interfere with business. Beginning in 1799, he remained on the Stock Exchange in London for twenty-four years, devoting his leisure largely to solar observations, particularly those connected with eclipses. It is with two of these phenomena, the first annular, a ring of the sun being visible round the moon, and the second total, that Baily's name is particularly associated, in each case for the vivid and accurate account he gave of what he witnessed. The first phenomenon, a ring of bright points extending round that part of the moon's circumference which has just entered on the solar



disc, is merely a consequence of the lunar edge being serrated with mountains. These "Baily's beads," as they were called, were successful, however, in stimulating interest in the physical aspect of eclipses, with the result that the next total eclipse, that of 1842, was looked for with an unprecedented degree of enthusiasm. Astronomers like Airy, Otto Struve and Arago travelled to Central or Southern Europe to observe the eclipse, and the indefatigable Mr. Baily accompanied them. He fitted up his telescope in an upper room of the University of Pavia. The result was magnificent. At the instant of totality the sun appeared decorated with a glorious *auréole*, the famous corona. It was not, of course, an unknown phenomenon, but it had never before excited so much attention. Mr. Baily, in particular, was moved to write a most eloquent description of this flaming object. He calls it splendid and astonishing, but continues: "Yet I must confess that there was at the same time something in its singular and wonderful appearance that was appalling; and I can readily imagine that uncivilized nations may occasionally have become alarmed and terrified at such an object. . . ." Besides being a specialist on eclipses, Baily was an untiring editor of star-catalogues, and he also made no fewer than 2,153 laborious experiments, on Cavendish's method, to determine the density of the earth. He was indeed a zealous worker in what Sir John Herschel called the "archæology of astronomy." He was noted for his unvarying health, undisturbed equanimity and methodical habits.

Another testimonial to the importance of such qualities in astronomical discovery is furnished by the career of Heinrich Schwabe, of Dessau. In the hope of escaping his fate as an apothecary he bought a small telescope in 1826, and began to observe the sun, being advised to do so by a friend. He continued to observe the sun daily (weather and health permitting) for forty-three years. Every day he counted the number of spots visible on the surface of the sun. It was a simple occupation, but it led to important consequences. His immense record of sun-spot statistics showed that the increase and decrease in the number of sun-spots did not occur in a random manner, but fell into periods, maxima alternating with minima, a complete period occupying about ten years. This figure has been modified since, but the fact of sun-spot periodicity is established and is at the present time one of the most suggestive and probably far-reaching of solar phenomena. Schwabe displayed no striking quality of mind or character beyond an almost incomprehensible patience. He was buoyed up in his spot-counting, however, by the hope of discovering a planet between Mercury and the sun, and in order to distinguish between the tiny disc of the planet crossing the face of the sun and a sun-spot, he found it necessary, in virtue of his instrumental equipment, to count the spots. When he found that, as a consequence of this pastime, he was world-famous, he likened himself to Saul who, going forth to seek his father's asses, discovered a kingdom. His magnificent serenity of body and mind enabled him to attain the age of eighty-six.

Part of his mantle fell on Richard Carrington (born 1826), who built an observatory at Redhill with the intention of devoting himself to a study of sun-spots throughout a complete cycle. He failed to finish the cycle completely, as the death of his father made it necessary for him to divert his energies to controlling a brewery. He achieved results of great importance, however. His observations were concerned with the positions and movements of the spots, and from a series of 5,290 such observations he was enabled, amongst other things, to clear up the uncertainties attending the period of rotation of the sun. Galileo, apparently not appreciating the importance of the matter, had said that the sun rotated in "about a lunar month,"

and a number of other observers gave figures varying from 27 to 25 days. Carrington illuminated this darkness by remarking that there is no single period of rotation for the sun. The polar regions rotate more slowly than those in the neighbourhood of the equator; the equator rotates in a little less than twenty-five days, while in latitude 50° the period is twenty-seven and a-half days. Thus the mystery was cleared up and a fresh direction given to solar investigation.

It is difficult to say whether Astronomy still offers such rewards to industry. It is probable, however, that it still yields more to character, as distinguished from ability, than any other science, and incomparably more, alas! than the arts. S.

## THE ENDOWMENT OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

MR. BALFOUR, in his capacity of Lord President of the Privy Council, received a deputation on Tuesday last from representatives of the British Medical Association and the British Science Guild on the subject of pensions for medical and scientific researches. The proposal which is put forward is that a sum of £20,000 a year should be voted. This would be divided into a number of pensions, some of £1,000, and others of £500 a year.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say how whole-hearted is our support of these proposals. Nothing throws a clearer or more revealing light on the nature of our "civilization" than the fact that, although there is every probability that cures for cancer and tuberculosis could be discovered within a reasonable time at the price of a Dreadnought apiece every year, no Government, and, as far as we know, no political party, has ever seriously thought of making such provision. One hundred millions have been poured out in the past year on an unnecessary war with Russia, yet what chance is there of our seeing one million earmarked for medical research? One would hardly need to be a cynic to define civilization as that condition of mankind in which unlimited wealth is available for the destruction of human lives and none for saving them.

The necessity of endowing the useful sciences is urgent and obvious, and perhaps we must be content for the time being if that peremptory demand is duly satisfied. But the case for providing men of letters and artists with pensions is in reality just as peremptory, though it may be less obvious. The disinterested worker in the arts is as necessary to true civilization as the disinterested worker in the sciences. When that truth is recognized we shall feel that the work of THE ATHENÆUM is within sight of being accomplished.

THE Council of the Royal Society have decided to commend for election into the Fellowship of the Society the following fifteen candidates: Dr. E. Frankland Armstrong, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, Dr. Robert Broom, Professor E. Provan Cathcart, Mr. A. Chaston Chapman, Dr. A. Price Chattock, Mr. A. W. Hill, Dr. Cargill Gilston Knott, Professor F. A. Lindemann, Dr. F. H. A. Marshall, Dr. T. R. Merton, Dr. R. C. Layton Perkins, Professor H. Crozier Plummer, Professor Robert Robinson, and Professor J. W. Watson Stephens.

UNDER the Chadwick Trust three public lectures on "Military Hygiene in Peace and War," by General Sir John Goodwin, K.C.B., will be given in the Lecture Room of the Royal Society of Arts on Mondays, March 8, 15 and 22, at 5.15 p.m. Immediately preceding the first lecture the Chadwick gold medals and prizes of £100 will be presented to the two naval and military officers who are considered to have distinguished themselves the most in promoting the health of the men in the Navy and Army. The recipients of the prizes on this occasion will be Surgeon-Commander Edward L. Atkinson, R.N., and Brigadier-General W. W. O. Beveridge, C.B.

SIR JOHN CADMAN's postponed lectures at the Royal Institution on "Modern Development of the Miner's Safety Lamp" and "Petroleum and the War" will be delivered on Monday and Wednesday, March 8 and 10. The Friday evening discourse on March 5 will be delivered by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue on "Military History," and on March 12 by Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball on "String Figures."

## SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—February 19.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair.

The following papers were read: "Studies of Photosynthesis in Fresh-water Algae: (1) The Fixation of both Carbon and Nitrogen from the Atmosphere to form Organic Tissue by the Green Plant Cell. (2) Nutrition and Growth produced by High Gaseous Dilutions of Simple Organic Compounds, such as Formaldehyde and Methyl Alcohol. (3) Nutrition and Growth by means of High Dilutions of Carbon Dioxide and Oxides of Nitrogen without Access to Atmosphere," by Benjamin Moore and T. A. Webster.—"The Properties of Colloidal Systems: IV. Reversible Gelation in Living Protoplasm," by W. M. Bayliss.—"The Development of the Auditory Apparatus in *Sphenodon punctatus*," by F. J. Wyeth.

ARISTOTELIAN.—February 16.—Miss Beatrice Edgell in the chair.—Mr. Alexander F. Shand read a paper on "Impulse, Emotion and Instinct."

The paper specially treated the relation of the primary emotions to the instincts. It started from the conclusion reached in Book II., chap. i., of the author's "Foundations of Character"—that the emotions are not rightly regarded as essentially involved in the operation of instincts, and what are essentially involved are "impulses"; the primary emotions being commonly aroused when there was delay or obstruction in the way of instincts—though this is not the only cause of the excitement of emotions. If this be true, the question is, What is the difference between emotion and impulse, and what value has it? While under statical analysis impulses bear a superficial resemblance to emotions—both containing the three fundamental elements, conation, feeling, cognition, common to all mental facts—the principal differences emphasized by the author centre in the functions which impulses and emotions are severally destined to fulfil.

(1) The "primary" impulses, like the instincts, of which they are a part, are exclusively concerned with biological ends; the "primary" emotions, while still pursuing such ends, are not confined to them, because, in man at least, they acquire other ends.

(2) The primary emotions have more general ends than those of the primary impulses: thus the impulse connected with an instinct of concealment is to escape by means of concealment; but the end of the emotion of fear is to escape.

(3) The primary emotions have several instincts organized in their systems for use in different situations; the primary impulse is limited to the one instinct of which it is the impulse.

(4) Hence the primary emotion has a variability of behaviour; the primary impulse an invariable type of behaviour.

(5) The primary emotion has a superior form of organization to that of primary impulse.

Can we then regard the dispositions of the primary emotions as complex instincts? Like instincts, they are hereditary structures; but they cannot be identified with instincts because they possess a variability of behaviour, both in respect of their means and ends, which distinguishes them from instincts. Can we even regard every instinct as having, not merely some emotion to support it in difficulties, but an emotion which distinguishes it, vaguely or definitely, from all other instincts? This theory breaks down when applied to the web and nest-building instincts, and to the locomotory instincts of different animals, and to many others.

LINNEAN.—February 19.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

The President announced that intelligence had been received that morning of the death of Professor Pietro Andrea Saccardo, thus causing another vacancy among the Foreign Members (see *ATHENÆUM*, February 20, p. 246).

Mr. J. S. Huxley, Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Mr. D. F. Leney exhibited living specimens of sexually mature axolotls metamorphosed into the *Amblystoma* form by feeding with thyroid gland, and of Urodele larvæ precociously metamorphosed by treatment with iodine solution. A discussion followed in which the President, Professor E. S. Goodrich, Mr. E. Boulenger (visitor), Lieut.-Col. J. H. Tull Walsh, Dr. W. Bateson, and Dr. J. R. Leeson engaged, Mr. Huxley replying.

Major H. C. Gunton read a paper entitled "Entomological-Meteorological Records of Ecological Facts in the Life of British Lepidoptera." He believed that interesting facts would be obtained by recording and plotting the results of observations made by entomologists in various localities. A scheme exhibited was derived from his notes from February to December, 1919, within a radius of four miles from Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, which includes oak and beech woods, heath, marsh, and cultivated land. Special signs were used to denote the occurrence of species of macro-lepidoptera, on sallow-bloom in the spring, ivy in the autumn, sugar, and light. Thirty-five species of butterflies and 240 species of moths were tabulated and correlated with meteorological data. The diagram placed many facts before the eye, as the long continuance of certain species, the presence of more than one brood, and the like. Sugar hardly appeals when honey-dew is abundant; and artificial light is ineffective during bright moonlight.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 5. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture VIII., Professor P. Dearmer.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Choir and the Congregation," Mr. C. Hylton-Stewart.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time and Movement: The Order of Co-existences—Leibniz," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macédoine: Le Gouvernement et l'Administration," Dr. L. Economos.

University College, 5.30.—"The Social Life of the Greeks," Professor E. A. Gardner.

Philological, 8.—"Leicestershire Place-Names," Mr. A. C. Wood.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Military History," Hon. J. W. Fortescue.

Sat. 6. Royal Institution, 3.—"Positive Rays," Lecture III., Sir J. J. Thomson.

Viking Society (University of London, South Kensington), 3.—"Swedish Music," Rev. A. O. T. Hellerström.

Mon. 8. Royal Institution, 3.—"Modern Development of the Miners' Safety Lamp," Sir John Cadman.

Royal Geographical, 5.

Society of Arts, 5.15.—"Army Hygiene prior to the Recent War," General Sir John Goodwin. (Chadwick Lecture.)

King's College, 5.30.—"Portugal: I. Why Portugal went to War," Professor George Young.

King's College, 5.30.—"New Light on Pentateuchal Problems," Lecture II., Dr. A. S. Yahuda.

King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture IV., Professor L. Tatkiewicz.

King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History: Consolidation, 867-963," Professor A. J. Toynbee.

University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machault's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture V., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Aristotelian, 8.—"Is there a General Will?" Mr. Morris Ginsberg.

Tues. 9. Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: the Invaders of England," Lecture II., Professor A. Keith.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture VIII., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: VIII. The First Two Dumas, 1906-7," Sir Bernard Pares.

University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture V., Mr. J. H. Helweg.

Wed. 10. Royal Institution, 3.—"Petroleum and the War," Sir John Cadman.

Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Gas in relation to Industrial Production and National Economy," Mr. H. M. Thornton.

Geological, 5.30.—"The Lower Palæozoic Rocks of the Arthog-Dolgelley District," Professor A. H. Cox and Mr. A. K. Wells.

University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett," Lecture V., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

University College, 5.30.—"English Intonation," Lecture II., Mr. H. E. Palmer.

Thurs. 11. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Upper Air: II. Results and their Interpretation," Lieut.-Col. Ernest Gold.

Royal Society, 4.30.

King's College, 5.30.—"Literary and Religious Motives in Scripture," Rev. W. H. Draper.

University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture V., Mr. I. Björkham.

University College, 5.30.—"Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia de' Troiana, di Fiesoli e di Roma," Professor Cesare Delgado. (In Italian.)

Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.), 6.—"The Educational Needs of Adolescence," Dr. M. Jane Reaney.

Fri. 12. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture IX., Professor P. Dearmer.

Arts League of Service (Big School, Dean's Yard, Westminster), 5.30.—"A Method of Developing an Understanding of Art," Miss Bulley.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time and Movement: The Modern Relativity—Einstein, Minkowski," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

University College, 5.30.—"The Social Life of the Romans," Professor H. E. Butler.

Malacological, 6.

Royal Institution, 9.—"String Figures," Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball.

## Fine Arts

### WILCOXISM

TO return from Paris, full of enthusiasm for contemporary art, and find oneself forced immediately into an attitude of querulous hostility, is surely a melancholy thing. It is my fate; but it is not my fault. Had I found our native quidnuncs in a slightly less exalted humour, had they gushed a little less over their imperial painters at Burlington House, had they made the least effort to preserve a sense of proportion, I, for my part, had held my peace. But, deafened by the chorus of hearty self-applause with which British art has just been regaling itself, a critic who hopes that his country is not once again going to make itself the laughing-stock of Europe is bound at all risks to say something disagreeable.

In that delightful book "The Worlds and I," for bringing me acquainted with which I shall ever be grateful to THE ATHENÆUM, nothing is more delightful than the chapter in which Mrs. Wilcox takes us through the list of the great writers she has known. We are almost as much pleased by the authoress's confident expectation that we shall be thrilled to learn any new fact about Miss Aldrich, who wrote "one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language"; about Rhoda Hero Dunn, "a genius" with "an almost Shakespearean quality in her verse," or about Elsa Barker, whose poem "The Frozen Grail," "dedicated to Peary and his band, is an epic of august beauty," and whose sonnet "When I am Dead" "ranks with the great sonnets of the world," as she would be surprised to discover that we had never heard of any of them. Mrs. Wilcox believed, in perfect good faith, that the crowd of magazine-makers with whom she associated were, in fact, the great figures of the age. She had no reason for supposing that we should not be as much interested in first-hand personal gossip about Zona Gale and Ridgeley Torrence, Arthur Grissom (first editor of the *Smart Set*), Judge Malone, Theodosia Garrison and Julie Opp Faversham ("even to talk with whom over the telephone gives me a sense of larger horizons") as we should have been in similar gossip about Swinburne and Hardy, Henry James and Mallarmé, Laforgue, Anatole France, Tolstoy, Tchekov or Dostoevsky.

And, as Mrs. Wilcox had no reason for supposing that her friends were not the greatest writers alive, what reason had she for supposing that they were not the greatest that ever lived? Without the taste, the intelligence, or the knowledge which alone can give some notion of what's what in art, she was obliged to rely on more accessible criteria. The circulation of her own works, for instance, must have compared favourably with that of most poets. To be sure there was Shakespeare, and the celebrated Hugo—or was it Gambetta? But what grounds could there be for thinking that she was not superior to the obscure John Donne or the obscurer Andrew Marvel, or to Arthur Rimbaud, of whom no one she had ever heard of had ever heard? Mrs. Wilcox was not dishonest in assuming that the most successful writer in her set was the best in the world; she was not conceited even; she was merely ridiculous.

It is disquieting to find the same sort of thing going on in England, where our painters are fiercely disputing with each other the crown of European painting, and our critics appraising the respective claims of Mr. Augustus John and Mr. John Nash as solemnly as if they were comparing Cézanne with Renoir. It is more than disquieting, it is alarming, to detect symptoms of the disease—this distressing disease of Wilcoxism—in THE ATHENÆUM itself. Yet I am positive that not long since I read in this

very paper that Mr. Wyndham Lewis was more than a match for Matisse and Derain; and, having said so much, the critic not unnaturally went on to suggest that he was a match for Lionardo da Vinci. Since then I have trembled weekly lest the infection should have spread to our literary parts. Will it be asserted, one of these Fridays, that the appetizing novels of Mr. Gilbert Cannan are distinctly better than Hardy's Wessex tales, and comparable rather with the works of Jane Austen?

To save ourselves from absurdity, and still more to save our painters from inspissating that trickle of fatuity which wells from heads swollen with hot air, critics should set themselves to check this nasty malady. Let them make it clear that to talk of modern English painting as though it were the rival of modern French is silly. In old racing days—how matters stand now I know not—it used to be held that French form was about seven pounds below English; the winner of the Derby, that is to say, could generally give the best French colt about that weight and beat him. In painting, English form is normally a stone below French. At any given moment the best painter in England is unlikely to be better than a first-rate man in the French second class. Whistler was never a match for Renoir, Degas, Seurat and Manet; but Whistler, Steer and Sickert may profitably be compared with Pissarro, Sisley and Jongkind. And though Duncan Grant holds his own handsomely with Marchand, Vlaminck, Lhote, de Segonzac, Bracque and Modigliani, I am not yet prepared to class him with Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Bonnard.

Having bravely recognized this disagreeable truth, let us take as much interest in contemporary British painting as we can. I will try to believe that it merits more enthusiasm than I have been able to show, provided it is not made a point of patriotism to excite oneself about the Imperial War Museum's pictures exhibited at Burlington House. As a matter of fact, the most depressing thing about that show was the absence of the very quality for which British art has been most justly admired—I mean sensibility. Mr. Wilson Steer's picture seemed to me the best in the place, just because Mr. Steer has eyes with which, not only to see, but to feel. To see is something; Mr. Steer also feels for what he sees; and this emotion is the point of departure for his pictures. That he seems almost completely to have lost such power as he ever had of giving to his vision a coherent and self-supporting form is unfortunate; still, he does convey to us some modicum of the thrill provoked in him by his vision of Dover Harbour.

Those thoughtful young men, on the other hand, whose works have been causing such a commotion, might almost as well have been blind. They seem to have seen nothing: at any rate, they have not reacted to what they saw in that particular way in which visual artists react. They are not expressing what they feel for something that has moved them as artists, but, rather, what they think about something that has horrified them as men. Their pictures depart, not from a visual sensation, but from a moral conviction. So, naturally enough, what they produce is mere "arty" anecdote. This perhaps, is the secret of their success—their success, I mean, with the cultivated public. Those terrible young fellows who were feared to be artists turn out after all to be innocent Pre-Raphaelites. They leave Burlington House without a stain upon their characters.

This is plain speaking; how else should a critic, who believes that he has diagnosed the disease, convince a modern patient of his parlous state? To just hint a fault and hesitate dislike (not Pope but I split that infinitive) is regarded nowadays merely as a sign of a base, compromising spirit; or not regarded at all. Artists, especially in England, cannot away with qualified praise or blame: and if they insist on all or nothing I can but



offer them the latter. Nevertheless, I must assert, for my own satisfaction, that in many even of our most imperial artists, in the brothers Spenser and the brothers Nash, in Mr. Lewis, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Bomberg and Mr. Lamb, I discover plenty of ability; only I cannot help fancying that they may have mistaken the nature of their gifts. Were they really born to be painters? I wonder. But of this I am sure: their friends merely make them look silly by compaiing them with contemporary French masters or even with Lionardo da Vinci.

Wilcoxism is a terrible disease because it slowly but surely eats away our sense of imperfection, our desire for improvement, and our power of self-criticism. Modesty and knowledge are the best antidotes; and a treatment much recommended by the faculty is to take more interest in art and less in one's own prestige. Above all let us cultivate a sense of proportion. Let us admire, for instance, the admirable, though somewhat negative, qualities in the work of Mr. Lewis—the absence of vulgarity and false sentiment, the sobriety of colour, the painstaking search for design—without forgetting that in the Salon d'Automne or the Salon des Indépendants a picture by him would neither merit nor obtain from the most generous critic more than a passing word of perfunctory encouragement.

CLIVE BELL.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

**SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.**—The Society of Women Artists. THE general level of the pictures at the Suffolk Street Gallery is not appreciably lower than that of the recent R.B.A. exhibition in the same gallery. The two collections are indeed most remarkably alike. But this very similarity makes the women's exhibition infinitely more distressing than the men's, because in an R.B.A. exhibition we do not expect to find anything more than a heterogeneous collection of third-rate paintings. In the present exhibition we have a right to expect something more definite, something which would justify the sex segregation; in a word, something characteristically feminine. We could pardon mediocrity, badness even, if it were specifically feminine mediocrity or specifically feminine badness. We go to the Society of Women Artists to see women's art. But we do not find it. We set out to comment on its various aspects and degrees, and we leave the building confirmed in a suspicion that no such thing, in fact, exists.

But how strange it is that this should be the case! How curious that there should be no feminine tradition in painting! Why have the women of the *bourgeoisie* in the nineteenth century left us no art? Middle-class women had not yet been driven in any numbers into the struggle for existence. They were free to devote themselves to un lucrative tasks. They had leisure, sufficient education, and there was no prejudice against water-colour painting as a suitable occupation for young ladies. How comes it that they produced nothing which we treasure to-day, or at any rate recognize as especially feminine in appeal? And how much stranger still is it that the women of our own day have not evolved a characteristic art! Why do they never break fresh ground? Why do they so rarely give us anything personal? Why have the legions of women painters, from Angelica Kauffman to the exhibitors at the Suffolk Street Gallery, contented themselves with echoing the male art of their time? Why are their pictures only distinguishable by the absence of certain qualities essential to great art?

We hesitate to accept the usual explanation that women lack the necessary initiative for artistic adventure and the necessary concentration for convincing execution. Most women painters doubtless suffer from these disabilities, but they share them with the large army of third-rate male painters. They are disabilities which affect the degree of their achievement, but not its kind. Even assuming women to be capable of nothing higher than third-rate painting, the fact that their productions on this level have no positive feminine quality still remains unexplained. We hazard the

suggestion that women painters deliberately conceal their true nature; that they shrink from that complete exposure of their souls which art demands of its victims. We suspect that the woman painter is often afraid to realize her own reactions towards life with sufficient honesty to enable her to translate them into terms of art. She is afraid to whisper the truth to herself even in the privacy of her own chamber; she is still more afraid to shout it from the housetops. Some day—possibly in the near future—the woman painter may decide that the moment is ripe for revelation. In the gynocratic days which threaten us she may feel emboldened to throw her bonnet over the mill and tell us her secrets, and we shall stand aghast at their unexpected character.

Meanwhile we have no data to help us imagine what typically feminine reactions in the sphere of art will be. Nevertheless we continue to apply the word "virile" as a term of praise to women's painting, which presupposes a definite conception of a contrasted "feminine" quality. And we have, in fact, definite preconceptions of this contrasted quality. We find ourselves applying the term "feminine" to pictures which show a tender sensibility responsive to delicate things and a subtle neurotic sensibility responsive to strange and artificial things. But we have to go to men to find examples of pictures exhibiting these qualities in any degree of excellence—to Botticelli and Whistler, for example, on the one hand, and to Charles Conder on the other. This looks as if the application of the adjective to such art were based on a mere prejudice, and indeed we believe this to be the truth. We believe it to be based on a hazy general notion—possibly invented and certainly encouraged by women—that because the female is frequently less robust than the male she is *ipso facto* more sensitive. This is, fortunately, not the place for an examination of the prejudice in its general aspects. It may or may not be justified by reference to everyday life or to women's achievements in other arts; but it is obviously quite unsupported by women's contribution to the art of painting. They are anything but pre-eminently sensitive in this field. We suspect that when they eventually make the gesture of revelation we shall be confronted by a hard, clear and relentless art, and we shall not be surprised to find our prejudices whirled away by the bleak wind that sweeps through the pages of "Wuthering Heights."

R. H. W.

## THE LATE M. MODIGLIANI

THE death of the young painter and sculptor Modigliani leaves the same kind of gap in the ranks of the younger artists of the modern school as was caused by the death of Gaudier-Brzeska. Modigliani worked in Paris, but was of Italian, presumably Jewish, origin or descent. He was primarily a sculptor; his interest was concentrated on the human figure, and he devoted his life to the endeavour to study the large rhythms implicit in its structure. His early drawings were conceived with a pure sculptural vision. The lines flow in large simplified curves round ample forms; a tone of red chalk or some other soft medium suggests the depth of the contained planes; the attitudes presuppose execution in solid substance, there are no flying wings, no holes in the design. Many of the figures have the triple twist of Michelangelo, but the extreme simplification of the contours restrains the action and invests it with something of the calm of Maillol. Modigliani executed a considerable number of such drawings, many of great beauty, and sold them, we understand, for a few francs apiece on the Boulevards. Later, possibly owing to the expense of sculpture, he turned to painting, and a set of his pictures, recently exhibited at the Mansard Gallery, are now at the New Art Salon. As a painter Modigliani appears to hesitate between two visions—or rather he attempts a combination which does not quite succeed. He retains his sculptor's preconception of the human head as a solid egg-shape-form and at the same time he opens his sensibilities to immediate impressions in other parts of the picture. A disquieting lack of consistency results. Possibly he would have co-ordinated his vision had he lived to complete his development. He might have become a great artist, for everything he did had the emotional quality which spells art. We deeply deplore his death and its tragic sequel.

R. H. W.

## Music

### OPERA AT THE SURREY

IT is a long time since "The Flying Dutchman" was seen on the stage in London. It never attained the obvious popularity of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and when, about twenty-five years ago, London began to accept Wagner whole-heartedly, it was the Wagner of "The Ring," "Tristan" and "Meistersinger." It was a period when no one dared profess an admiration for Italian opera, and the old-fashioned Italian style which permeates a good deal of "The Flying Dutchman" used to make ardent Wagnerites feel a little uncomfortable. The opera always remained popular in Germany, where the traditions of Weber and Marschner were deeply rooted in the affections of the general opera-going public. That public, too, always professed to despise old-fashioned Italian opera, but it had a sneaking affection for it, especially when the style was adopted by composers of German birth, such as Flotow and Nicolai.

To modern audiences the weakness of the early Wagner operas lies not in the Italianate quality of their melodies, but in the lamentable fact that Wagner never could manage to write a really strong Italian tune. His model was always Weber rather than Bellini, and in his attempts to give harmonic interest to tunes of a Bellinian cast he, like Weber, fell between two stools and produced such things as the "Evening Star," which both in harmony and melody are awkward and inexpressive. There is another tune of a very similar type in the first act of "The Flying Dutchman," and one of the most horrible examples occurs in the last act of "Der Freischütz." The anti-Italian tendencies of the last century led singers of Wagner to try to disguise the purely vocal ideals of much of his early work. The singers whom Wagner himself trained for Bayreuth were real singers who had been educated in the great Italian tradition; Vogl, the ideal Loge, was also the most finished exponent of Don Ottavio. It was after Wagner's death that the exaggerated declamation of the typical modern German Wagner-singers took the place of *bel canto*. We are now gradually beginning to realize, as Wagner's music recedes into the distance of past history, that Wagner, even the later Wagner, must above all things be sung. It is an appropriate moment at which to revive the early Wagner. For those intensely serious-minded singers, who devoted themselves to the cult of Wagner at the time when such devotion was indeed necessary, thought it incumbent upon them to interpret the early operas in the spirit of the later ones, and hence did their best to pass off the essentially vocal writing of much of his early work as *Sprechgesang*, with deplorably unsatisfactory results. The only thing to do with early Wagner is to sing it, and sing it with an even more exuberantly vocal delivery than is customary in the performance of Donizetti and Bellini. Such parts as those of Erik and Daland in "The Flying Dutchman" very easily become tedious, for Wagner's melody is never very fluent and often limps painfully after the harmony which supports it. Hence the singer must do all in his power to disguise not so much its tunelessness as its lack of a really firm vocal line. An exaggeration of the declamatory style and an undue emphasis on such leading motives as may occur in the orchestra inevitably make these parts patchy and incoherent. There must be no waiting, no impressive pauses: the singer must simply get over the awkward ground as quickly and as smoothly as he can.

Messrs. Fairbairn and Miln have been remarkably successful in securing good singers for their revival of "The Flying Dutchman." Their company consists almost entirely of young people who have had very little experience.

They have what is perhaps more valuable, intelligence and enthusiasm, together with youth and freshness both of voice and of person. The presentation of Senta was a real revelation of the character. The part is generally sung by a dramatic soprano with a heavy voice and figure to correspond. Miss Maryan Elmar, who took the part at the Surrey, looked about seventeen. That romantic attachment for the picture of the legendary Dutchman which always seemed so ridiculous and incredible on the part of a lady obviously old enough to know her way about the world became suddenly intelligible and natural in a Senta who was all girlish impulsiveness and enthusiasm. But Miss Elmar has a great deal more than youth and good looks to bring to the Surrey. She has a voice of beautiful quality and knows how to use it; she is also a most capable actress. Her restrained but always convincing movements and gestures bore witness to the excellence of Mr. Fairbairn's careful training.

The Dutchman was sung by Mr. Augustus Milner, who has for some time been a member of the Zürich Opera. He has a very commanding presence and a well-thought-out conception of the character. It is on these two parts that most of the burden of the opera rests; but it must be added that the small parts were all well filled. Even the slight and episodic part of Mary was acted by Miss Myra Munsen with real intelligence. Mr. Frank Webster sang very agreeably in the ungrateful part of Erik; and Mr. Philip Vallentine, though hardly able to compete vocally with Mr. Milner in the duet of the first act, was a very capable Daland. The choruses were full of life, and the costumes and stage setting thoroughly effective.

The orchestra is at present a little rough. It is complete, but hardly strong enough in the strings for a Wagner opera. Mr. Herbert Ferrers understands that prime necessity for an opera-conductor of making the whole thing go ahead, whatever happens on the way, but he must endeavour to restrain the energies of his brass a little. The management have certainly taken a wise step in not cutting down the band.

The advantage of having a complete orchestra was very noticeable in "Maritana," which is an opera that is seldom thus honoured. As given at the Surrey, with another notable soprano, Miss Frances Hall, in the title part, it became a serious opera that entirely justified the popularity which it has always enjoyed. Those musical intellectuals who never miss a new work of Stravinsky, but have never even seen our historic English classics, may be recommended to go and hear "Maritana" at the Surrey. It is a landmark in the history of English opera, and without a knowledge of "Maritana" it is impossible to enter into the full understanding of Sullivan. Moreover, if really English opera is ever to develop a school of its own, neither Sullivan nor Wallace is a composer whose lessons contemporary musicians can afford to neglect.

EDWARD J. DENT.

### CONCERTS

THE brunt of the work at the London Chamber Concert Society's third concert on February 18 fell upon the Philharmonic Quartet, who played Borodin's D major Quartet, and were joined by other instrumentalists as required in Julius Harrison's Quintet, Ravel's Septet, and Dr. Ethel Smyth's "Chrysilla" (in which some sporting passages for flute and triangle hardly compensate for the persistent stodginess of the harp and double-bass writing). The playing of the Quartet was marred by frequent roughness and careless intonation on the part of their leader. Lady Maud Warrender appeared as the vocalist of the evening, but we could find no adequate reason for her doing so.

THE native music of America is little known in this country. Judging from the example of Red Indian folk-songs sung by Mr. Wright Symons at his recital on February 20, the com-

poser has not yet appeared who can make them into a really artistic language. The settings by Thurlow Lieurance were sickly and commonplace in style, and the English words reminded one of the kind of verse into which Serbian or Roumanian folk-songs are translated *via* German. Mr. Symons has an agreeable voice and has learned to sing, but he seldom succeeds in making his songs interesting. His rendering of Verdi's "Credo" was a very tame affair, and he was evidently much more at home in an Anglo-French triviality which was quite unworthy of a serious recital.

THE last of the four concerts given by Mr. Anderson Tyrer with the London Symphony Orchestra took place on February 24, with Mr. Hamilton Harty as conductor. They have been an interesting series; the framing of the programmes showed that Mr. Tyrer is a real musician with a wide-ranging taste, whilst his own share of the performance convinced one that he is a pianist of distinction, with a crisp and clear style, and an unusually delicate sense of touch. At this concert was introduced, amongst other things, a "Sarabande" by Roger-Ducasse, a kind of symphonic poem depicting the obsequies of a young prince who was borne to his grave to the strains of a favourite sarabande, for which he had often asked when lying on his death-bed. The sarabande itself is so elusive that we were never quite sure when we had got it, but the *cortège* music is impressive, and the whole is undoubtedly a far stronger piece of work than the "Faust" interlude heard last autumn, which (to the best of our belief) is the only other important work by this composer that has been recently performed in London.

THE Philharmonic Concert on February 26 attracted an overflowing audience; whatever the cause of the attraction may have been, the success of the evening was, undoubtedly, Mr. Delius' "Song of the High Hills," which was performed for the first time. The composer states that he intended to express in it "the joy and exhilaration one feels in the mountains, and also the loneliness and melancholy of the high solitudes and the grandeur of the wide, far distances." But the music is in no way descriptive, less so even than the "Pastoral Symphony." There are moments in it which recall the "Scène aux Champs" of the "Symphonie Fantastique," but recall only the poetry of it, not its realism. Although it lasted over half an hour, it sustained interest throughout. The chorus are employed to represent "Man in Nature," but they sing no words. At one point there is a long piece of unaccompanied choral singing rising to a passionate climax in which the voices are treated with great originality, producing an effect of singular poignancy. The "Song of the High Hills" is certainly the most profound and the most beautiful of all the works of Mr. Delius which have been heard recently, and it was gratifying to note that the audience received it with genuine enthusiasm. The singers were the newly formed Philharmonic Choir, trained by Mr. Kennedy Scott. Their performance of Bach's motet "Sing Ye to the Lord" was not very exhilarating; their tone lacked brilliance, and the florid passages were deplorably clumsy. Mr. Scott, who conducted it, was not content to let Bach speak for himself, but distorted the music by a number of exaggerated changes of tempo. Mr. Coates, too, seemed to have almost as little confidence in the Choral Symphony. Mr. Delius' work obtained by far the best performance both from the orchestra and the chorus, who sang their part with a splendid ringing tone and great delicacy of expression.

A CONCERT of madrigals and other old English music given on February 28 by Miss Flora Mann, Miss Winifred Whelen, Miss Lilian Berger, Mr. Steuart Wilson, Mr. Clive Carey and Mr. Cuthbert Kelly, showed clearly that music of this type is much better suited to solo voices than to a chorus. The best choruses can never achieve the lightness and suppleness which it demands. The six singers at this concert succeeded admirably in obtaining a well-blended tone without loss of individuality, and thus were able to bring out with delightful clarity the subtle emotional points, as well as the exhilaration and humour, of the Elizabethan composers. It was a most instructive demonstration in the art of interpreting old music; for all the performers, without the least exaggeration or over-emphasis, sang in a perfectly straightforward and natural style, as if the poetry and music of the seventeenth century were their normal and habitual language.

## Drama EMOTIONS

LYRIC THEATRE.—"John Ferguson." By St. John G. Ervine.

IF the merit of a play is measured by the success with which it raises harrowing emotions in the bosoms of the spectators, then "John Ferguson" must be counted as a drama of the first importance. Mr. Ervine knows how to apply the *peine forte et dure* with the practised skill of a Grand Inquisitor. It is a pleasure, even in the height of the agony, to see with what skill and agility he skips about the torture-chamber, tightening a thumb-screw, hammering a fresh wedge into the boot, tweaking another muscle with the pincers. Here, you feel, is a man who knows his business very well. Everything has been thought out, the effects all calculated to a fraction, nothing left to chance. There was only one episode in which Mr. Ervine's skill seemed for an instant to fail him, and he was betrayed into something that looked very much like a mistake, and that was the scene where the imbecile beggar, Clutie John, eggs on young Andrew Ferguson to murder the man who had tried to violate his sister. There was a lack of verisimilitude in this, a failure to reveal a motive, which stood out the more strikingly from the plausibility of the rest of the play. And how plausible it all is!—old John Ferguson, too sick to be able to work, but uncomplaining in his trust in God; the mortgaged farm; the villain threatening to foreclose; the daughter consenting to marry Jimmy Cæsar, whom she does not love, in order to save the farm; her revolt against this unholy contract; the bad man's assault upon her; Jimmy Cæsar threatening to kill the villain and then too much of a coward to do the deed; Jimmy Cæsar arrested for the murder that was finally committed by Andrew Ferguson; Andrew's determination to confess, and his parents' agony of mind; and finally, the mad beggar, Clutie John, who provides the distinctively "Irish" atmosphere, with those phrases about "the wee stars shinin' in the sky" and all the "poetical" things that an English dramatist is not allowed to say. How plausible it is, and how well the agony is sustained! And yet one comes away with a sense of dissatisfaction, with a feeling, very definite, albeit not articulate, that "John Ferguson" is not the real thing. It is not enough to take a situation and exploit it, however well, for its emotions. They can do that at the Grand Guignol. A tragedy must be of more universal import. "John Ferguson" is simply a situation in the void; one is moved by the emotions which are wrung out of it; but it has no real relation with life in general as one knows it.

Mr. Ervine is supported by a very effective troupe of actors. Miss Maire O'Neill and Miss Moyna MacGill gave remarkable performances as Sarah and Hannah Ferguson; Miss MacGill's emotional acting was at moments quite admirable. Mr. Rea delivered the pious sentiments of John Ferguson himself with conviction and dignity. We should like to see him in a part devoid of pious sentiment in which he could completely shake off the haunting presence of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Miles Malleson made a lively Clutie John, though it must be admitted that, for the most "Irish" of Irish mad beggars, he talked very much as though he had been born and bred within the sound of Bow bells. It was curious to note that in Clutie's speeches, and in the lucubrations of Jimmy Cæsar that were set most definitely in an Irish mode, the audience was often quite uncertain whether it ought to laugh or cry. The key was too unfamiliar. H.

WEBSTER'S "White Devil" is to be performed at Cambridge by the Marlowe Dramatic Society on Tuesday, March 9, and following evenings, with a matinée on Saturday. Tickets obtainable from Mr. Elijah Johnson, Trinity Street, Cambridge.



## DRAMEDY

LITTLE THEATRE.—"Mumsée." By Edward Knoblock.

IN the choice of the title "Mumsée" the author has shown a certain frankness and has, to some extent, warned the audience what sort of thing to expect. It is doubtful, however, if even the hardened theatre-goer knows quite how much of the nondescript spate of tears and sentimentality is to be thrust upon him at a sitting. The present performance at the Little Theatre opens with a furor of over-emphasis, the usual jokes, the usual broken English, the Dickensian tone carried to bathos which Dickens never attains, the dreary slowness of the first act, the usual inability of the English emotional actress to produce the effect of Frenchness, the heavy pathos, the sermon preached by said actress facing the audience, tears, tears, and a parody of every cliché of the feuilletons: "Men are cruel." Answer: "All the world is cruel,"—thirty-five minutes of it before there comes the first gleam of real humour; and in the whole of the first two acts not enough patter to carry a second-class "turn" through its first five minutes at the Palladium. This is, we presume, "modern drama" as descended or redescended from Shaw and Ibsen to the earlier and possibly permanent level. There is talk of French conventions, whereupon the sweet young things are at once left *à deux* for narrative and then sentimental gush; there is the Hun cad, there is the charming young Englishman, and Mr. Pusey has very little chance, and the curtain goes down with a tempest of applause which can mean only one of two things: either it is the last fading and hesperal flicker of British intelligence or it implies a lifelong and ineradicable devotion to Miss Eva Moore.

The language is one's chief diversion: "Over there under those Southern skies . . . the stars . . . seemed closer than ever." Alas! the critic, innocent of shorthand, has lost this and many another pearl of precious speech. "He took me out to that cursed Casino." Immortal words like these, mighty lines that Marlowe never penned, a splendour of imagery such as is known only to the faithful readers of "Sexton Blake" and "Forget-me-not," exude from the interstices of the play between a cinema plot and slices of kittenishness. "Divine men these who have pierced the secrets of eternity." "Well, I do so with all my heart." "So it is really true," "Yes, what a change!" "Somehow it is the sort of death one would have wished him, among his beloved treasures." There are also bits of recruiting posters.

There is, in the trade sense, construction, *i.e.*, the author has proved his "long-apprenticeship," he shows us how to do it, the recipe being: portions of chocolate nougat with increasing frequency during the two acts, then some hysteria in the third. He flouts the economy of great art, and to screw up his heroine to the really pathetic sobs of the third act he throws his all into the melting-pot: the town is being bombarded by airplanes, her eldest and belovedest son has just sold information to the Boche, he is discovered, he is r-r-revealed; his shame is made known to the super-Charles-Grandison English colonel, who takes this opportunity of declaring his hopeless but honourable passion for the respectable mother whose dear, but elderly husband is soon to be wiped out by bomb-solvent. The traitor leaps on a bicycle, which apparently the colonel cannot ride, and this daring action plus death wipes out the shame of the family. The acts run: 1913, Englishman's Home in France, of course it can't happen, no one has dreamed of it. 1914, July, of course it is most unexpected. 1918, the retreat. 1919, the armistice, the prayer before the crucifix (audience need not be nervous: nothing, absolutely nothing is left out), the colonel with bared head, the lovers' meeting, the pitiful wounded, even though Æschylus did spare us Agamemnon's bath towels

without decreasing the tragedy of the play or making the death less real. But to the ingrained sentimentalist nothing is too sacred for presentation; there is no subject which is, in his eyes, unfit to sandwich in between a joke about Peter the cat and a flapper's desire for caramels.

We sympathize with the babu who said there were three sorts of plays: Comedy, tragedy and dramedy. We now think we know what he meant; but on the whole the cast deserves a better fate than this play. If the use of language is obsolescent among us, the cinema remains; there is also the alternative tradition of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, and if authors wish to present simple stock figures they might return to the old custom of giving wordless scenarios, for even among monosyllabic conversationalists each human being has some trace of personal utterance, some small idiosyncrasy of diction which makes their speech real. And even a second-rate gag would be more vital than a succession of pasteboard sentences of the sort here provided the actors.

T. J. V.

## Correspondence

## THE PHENIX SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow space for one of "the thousands of people one has never heard of" to protest against the careless arraignment of the *intelligentsia* contained in Mr. T. S. Eliot's letter on the Phoenix Society? Surely Mr. Eliot, of all people, cannot be in danger of forgetting that in order to be arresting it is not necessary to be unjust.

Without being a disciple of Mr. Archer, one may consider that the production of plays by Webster or Dryden is not an essential of culture. And it does not argue a strong faith in the greatness of Webster or Dryden to suggest that they need support against Mr. Archer, or even to imply that their greatness can be in any way affected by the production or non-production of their plays in London.

It is difficult to understand why the cultured classes should not be expected to support the necessities of literature, since nobody else is likely to do so. Mr. Eliot, quite rightly, makes it a point of honour for the "Civilized Class" to expend their usually not too ample means on the support of art, but he does them an injustice when he implies that they are unwilling to do so. It would be a stronger salve to the consciences of many, after reading Webster and Dryden, to purchase and read the excellent, though unacted and it is to be feared little read, dramatic poetry of our many contemporaries—for example, of "Michael Field" or Mr. Herbert Trench or Mr. James Waight.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
H. P. COLLINS.

## ITALIAN BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In view of the fact that you are the compilers of the most valuable list of weekly publications, may I suggest that the same bibliographical accuracy be adopted in the matter of reviews appearing in the other part of your journal? The discrepancy which now exists between the system adopted in these two leads in the case, for instance, of Italian books, to the commission of grammatical errors, which should not be allowed to pass in so serious a review as THE ATHENÆUM. To give an instance. On p. 223 the review of Jahier's book is so headed: "Ragazzo. Da Piero Jahier. (Rome, La Voce. 3.50 lire)." If your reviewer had glanced at any Italian book review, or even if he had followed the list of publications appearing in the same issue, he would have seen that in Italy (and, for the matter of that, in France) the name of the author is *always* placed before the title of the book; a form such as that employed above is grammatically incorrect, nor is it possible to translate the English *by* with a *da*, a *di* or a *per*. In this case "Da Piero Jahier" means *from* Piero Jahier, which does not convey the sense. Moreover, if the price is

to be quoted in Italian, the "lire" should precede and not follow the figure.

I beg to remain, Sir,  
Taylor Institution, ARUNDELL DEL RE,  
Oxford. Tylorian Lecturer in Italian.

[We are perfectly well aware that in Italian reviews and book-lists the name of the author is invariably put first and also that in giving prices "lire" is placed before numerals. As, however, THE ATHENÆUM is an English, and not an Italian, journal, foreign books have to be brought into line with English books. The difficulty might have been got over by keeping the word "by" in English, but for the sake of uniformity "da" was adopted as, on the whole, the nearest Italian equivalent.—ED.]

#### THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIALLED "I. M."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Will you permit me to append an important postscript to the letter of inquiry so kindly inserted on my behalf in your issue of February 6?

The *cross-sum* section of the set of word numerical value coincidences described by me has been submitted, entirely by itself, as thus presenting a clean-cut mathematical problem—that of a three-top-row cross sum of 103 and a five-bottom-row cross sum of 177 being by mere chance or purposed arrangement duplicated as a division, when the numbers involved are placed on a chessboard, by the colour of square division, for all eight rows of 103 White and 177 Black—to one of our foremost mathematicians, Professor Andrew R. Forsyth, F.R.S., the Chief Professor of Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology. And Professor Forsyth replied as follows:

"If digits alone were of importance, precisely the same result would follow from

4	96	4	65
58	5	67	5
4	59	28	41
35	23	39	83
6	86	75	77
8	5	9	9
38	5	5	46
9	1	89	6

In the next place, when the sum of the digits on the white squares is 103, the sum of those on the black squares as taken from your table (or mine) is bound to be 177; for the total sum of all the digits is 280.

I have thought enough to see that the chances against the mere chance would be multitudinously overwhelming.

But now for a more important suggestion to you. The impression left upon me is that you are in the presence of one of those cryptograms so dear to some minds through many ages."

I had long before suspected the existence of a cryptogram. Moreover, a belief therein is strongly supported by the fact that the code used, the Elizabethan A=1 to Z=24 code, allotting both I and J the value 9, and both U and V the value 20, happens to give 103 as the equivalent of "Shakespeare," and 177 as the equivalent of "William Shakespeare." But any such cryptogram cannot be limited to a single letter and its frame. And it would be interesting to have the views of readers as to its full extent and correct interpretation.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. PARSONS.

45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have been waiting for some better qualified mathematician to question the claim of Mr. J. D. Parsons that he has discovered sub-surface signalling in the First Folio (see your issue of February 6, p. 189).

True, his figures and coincidences are correct—on the assumption of Ben Jonson in his "English Grammar" that J is but an alternative form of the 9th letter I, and U but an alternative form of the 20th letter V. But surely anyone who looked out for such coincidences in any set of word numerical values could find comparable coincidences.

Moreover, no meaning is assigned by Mr. Parsons to the supposedly signalled letter F. So it is a fair assumption that no *satisfying* meaning can be assigned by him thereto.

Yours truly,

February 20, 1920.

ROBERT LITTLE.

#### WILSON KING'S "GERMAN FREE CITIES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I ask your readers' attention to the fact that the stock of Mr. Wilson King's "German Free Cities" is almost exhausted, and that any who wish to procure this useful work, covering ground so little and so rarely touched in English, should communicate quickly with the publishers (Messrs. Dent, London)? Soon it will be impossible to buy this book "first-hand."

Yours faithfully,

6, Arthur Road,  
Edgbaston.

RAYMOND BEAZLEY.

#### THE HOLY JUMPERS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I point out a small error in your issue of February 20 (p. 257)?

Your note-writer seems to think that the Holy Jumpers, described in Mr. Van Vechten's new book, is "an evangelical sect in the Bahamas."

It happens that I published my description of this sect in the Bahamas (calling it, as he does, Holy Jumpers) before Mr. Van Vechten issued his impression of them as seen there, and I was "jumped" upon very stiffly by the native population for my ignorance, in not knowing that these so-called Holy Jumpers are a large sect in America and elsewhere, who practise a sort of primitive Christian Science, and call themselves, with the utmost dignity, the Pentecostal Brethren.

One finds in the Bahamas other sects which seem to us new, but which have a large following in parts of America—as, for example, the Seventh Day Adventists. There are in the seventeen miles around the capital of the Bahamas about nine different sorts of Christianity, and perhaps twelve different kinds of religion are there represented!

Yours truly,

AMELIA DEFRIES.

#### CHARLES NODIER AND THE ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have not seen "La Jeunesse de Charles Nodier," by Léonce Pingaud (reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM of Jan. 16 by Professor Saintsbury), and cannot say whether it contains any allusion to Nodier's well-known intimacy with members of the English colony in France during the later Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. This forms, as far as English readers are concerned, the most striking episode of the real "Jeunesse de Charles Nodier." P. L. Jacob in an article entitled "Charles Nodier chez Lady Hamilton" contributed to the *Bibliophile Français* (year 1869) gives an interesting account of his experiences as "collaborateur, ou plutôt de teinturier littéraire," to Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., and as translator and "ghost" author in the service of her ladyship. He was introduced by her son-in-law, Etienne de Jouy, the author of the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin" (a once popular French imitation of Addison's *Spectator*).

Chaque matin, il consacrait deux ou trois heures à cette corvée quotidienne, et chaque soir il lisait à Lady Hamilton le produit de son travail journalier. . . . Lady Hamilton était la plus heureuse des femmes ou plutôt des auteurs; elle se persuadait sans peine que tout ce que Nodier avait écrit pour elle et sous son nom n'appartenait qu'à elle seule, et se trouvait en germe dans le chaos de ses ébauches manuscrites.

The first novel, "La Famille de Popoli," was dedicated to Sir Herbert Croft with a lengthy "dédicace que Lady Hamilton n'avait fait que signer." Charles Nodier, however, did not remain long in the service of Lady Mary Hamilton (née Leslie-Melville, the daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville). She married first a Mr. Walker, and afterwards Captain Hamilton, a relative of the Duke of Hamilton. She was born at Edinburgh in 1739, and died in Paris in 1816, the same year as Sir Herbert Croft.

Il est bien fâcheux pour vous que vous ayez perdu votre secrétaire, disait M. de Jouy à sa belle-mère Lady Hamilton; avec le concours de ce diable de Charles Nodier, vous auriez fait des chefs-d'œuvre et vous eussiez sans doute fini par devenir membre de l'Académie Française.

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

36, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

# Foreign Literature

## RAINER MARIA RILKE

RAINER MARIA RILKE. By Robert Faesi. (Zürich and Leipzig, Amalthea Verlag. 4 M.)

THIS volume, by a well-known Swiss novelist and poet, does somewhat tardy justice to one of the most noteworthy figures in contemporary German poetry. It is a little difficult to see why Rilke has been so much neglected. Some ascribe the fact to the overshadowing genius of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, others to the exceptionally retiring nature of Rilke's talent. But of the unjustified obscurity in which his name has remained until a comparatively recent date there can be no question. Thus there is a well-known German "History of German Lyric Poetry during the Last Fifty Years," published in 1905, which does not even mention him; his name is equally not to be found in M. Maurice Muret's "History of Contemporary German Literature," which was published in 1907, subsequent to the issue of two of Rilke's finest and most characteristic works. And to-day, although no longer unknown in Germany and on the Continent generally—his position in modern German literature is probably quite as secure as Hugo von Hofmannsthal's—he is still somewhat in the background. This appreciation, the first full-length study we have seen, is therefore all the more sure of a welcome from those who take an interest in German poetry of the past twenty years.

M. Faesi rightly judges that the relations between Rilke's poetry and his life and personal experiences is more than usually intimate, and he first devotes himself to a biographical study. The task was probably not easy, for until M. Faesi attempted it very little was known of Rilke's descent, education and early life generally. He came of an old Carinthian family which had been compelled to leave its ancestral estates and settle in Prague. It was in this city that in 1875—the year after Hugo von Hofmannsthal—Rilke was born. Critics have often pointed out the evident connection between Hofmannsthal's lyrics and German folk-song. In Rilke's first poems the relationship is openly avowed. The poet's early surroundings made a profound impression on his imagination, and although, after a few painful years of study in a military academy and then at the University, he was to leave his birthplace and thereafter be on his travels for most of the rest of his life, it is to Bohemia that he constantly looks back. Thus his first volume, "Larenopfer" (1895), conveys its character in its title. The poet describes the scenery of Bohemia—note, in particular, the poem entitled "Böhmische Landschaft"—thinks sorrowfully of home, and echoes the songs of his childhood. Wistfulness, a certain dreamlike quality, a plaintive music, mark Rilke's ripest work. These first poems of nostalgia are a foreshadowing, as are those contained in the next volume, published two years later and entitled "Traumgekrönt."

But Bohemia was not Rilke's only home. One of the first foreign cities he visited was Moscow, of which he declared that it was "the city of his oldest and deepest reminiscences . . . It was home." This deep sympathy with Russian life has led certain critics to look for traces of Slav ancestry in Rilke. M. Faesi, although remarking that there seems to be an extraordinary affinity between Rilke's genius and that of the Russian, does not make the attempt. And, in truth, it would have been rather superfluous. Russian influence there certainly was, but the principal feature of Rilke's poetic genius seems to us of the very stuff of German romanticism. It is *Sehnsucht* which characterizes the second and most important period in the poet's imaginative development, which came

at about the turn of the century. In dealing with this M. Faesi might very well have quoted Matthew Arnold, who in his "Essay on the Study of Celtic Literature" makes the well-known comparison between German *Sehnsucht* and Celtic "melancholy." "German *Sehnsucht*," he says, "is wistful, soft, tearful, longing," which sums up Rilke's poetry pretty accurately. M. Faesi conveys the same impression in a passage of much greater length, elucidated by characteristic selected lyrics.

Rilke's next volume, "Das Buch der Bilder," was published in 1902. It gives some explanation of his philosophy, and constitutes the most striking example of his theory and practice of poetry. Technically, Rilke, who knew contemporary French literature intimately and for some years resided in Paris as private secretary to Rodin, on whom he wrote an extremely good book of criticism, was very much under the influence of the French Symbolists, and of Maeterlinck in particular. "Music transformed to pictures, or pictures transformed to music," is the summing-up of a German critic on this volume. It is precisely the ideal of Symbolism, and the faithfulness with which Rilke served it places him in the same group as Hofmannsthal, Stefan Georg and all the other German or Austrian disciples of Mallarmé and his school.

Rich as are so many modern German poets—Hofmannsthal, for example—in variety and beauty of rhyme and rhythm, there are few who can show skill equal to that revealed in "Das Buch der Bilder." The fineness of workmanship is everywhere remarkable. It is true there are echoes from the poet's favourite writers, but there is an individuality, very closely resembling Hofmannsthal, as M. Faesi points out in an excellent passage of comparative criticism, but with distinct features of its own. Both Rilke and Hofmannsthal

are the poets of foreboding, of twilight and atmosphere, of tender early spring, of feeble autumn, of shy longing and vanishing memories, of dreams and possibilities; they are the artists of the unreal.

Chronologically "Das Buch der Bilder" marks little more than a beginning in Rilke's most notable poetical work. Yet little more remains to be said. There are few innovations in "Das Stundenbuch" or in the "Neue Gedichte," the two most important succeeding volumes. "Das Stundenbuch" was published in 1905; it is in three parts, written at different times, and entitled respectively "Vom römischen Leben," "Von der Pilgerschaft" and "Von der Armut und dem Tode." The whole book is the imaginative expression of a Russian monk's search for God—it was commenced in Russia—and shows, what was not so apparent in "Das Buch der Bilder," the character of the poet's religious and mystical ideas. It is in these ideas, perhaps, that we find the chief distinction between Rilke and Hofmannsthal, from whose work there is by no means so plain a philosophy to be deduced. "Das Stundenbuch" has been called a "prayer-book." Its basis is a kind of philosophy of immanence. "Beside me," says the poet, addressing God, "Thou hast no home in which warm, familiar words may greet Thee."

Rilke's fame rests on his poetry. But he has also written prose stories and attempted the dramatic form. Both activities are also faithfully dealt with by M. Faesi, whose book, both as a carefully-written and necessary piece of biography and as a study of a poet by a poet, should certainly be read by all who wish to study modern German poetry. Rilke is not a young writer whose reputation may be transitory; his work seems certain of a permanent place in twentieth-century German literary history. If this proves to be so, M. Faesi's study will deserve to stand beside it.

WE are desired by the Committee for the Summer School of Theology, which is to be held in July at the School of Theology, Oxford, to call the special attention of our readers to the interdenominational character of the meeting.



## A GLIMPSE AT MÆDIÆVAL ISLAM

MARRAKECH DANS LES PALMES. Par André Chevrillon. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

WE in England know M. Chevrillon best by his English studies. We have a tenderness for him because he has paid us more attention than any other living French author, and because, apparently, the more he examines us the better he likes us. We know him as the critic of Sydney Smith and Ruskin, and, what interests us considerably more in these days, as the author of the best study of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that has yet appeared. We remember his flattering pictures of our army organization in war.

But M. Chevrillon has always had another "line," the East, and particularly Islam. To this he now returns in "Marrakech dans les Palmes." The scene of his new study is not, in fact, the East; for Morocco is actually, though it is not easy to realize it, further West than Land's End. It is the Western outpost of Islam, and the last stronghold of pure African Islam, untouched by Europe. M. Chevrillon has played the part of an intelligent and enterprising reporter. He paid in March, 1913, a long visit to Marrakech, which had been taken by the French six months before, seizing his opportunity to examine a society that had reached its zenith at the zenith of Moorish power in Spain, that had remained unchanged ever since, and that was now inevitably to undergo a transformation. He returned to it towards the end of the war, to note that the transformation had already commenced, though one of the greatest administrators of modern times, General Lyautey, had done all that was in his power to save the old civilization.

M. Chevrillon has gone to his task in a fashion as painstaking as enthusiastic. He has pictured for us in minute detail that arrested world, its architecture (including the famous Tower of Kootoubia, "sœur illustre de la tour Hassan, de Rabat, et de la Giralda, de Séville"), its music and dances, its literature, its commerce, its daily life, from that of the great Moorish chieftains, like the barons of "Ivanhoe," to the holy beggars squatting in the sunshine. He has a most vivid power of description, a brilliancy and softness of style that recall that of M. Pierre Loti discussing similar themes. Hear him, for example, on the gardens of the Aguedal:

Plus rien que le soleil et l'azur, et les peuples de beaux oliviers, et les palmiers surgissants, et l'arôme embaumé des étoiles de cire, entre les rangs et les rangs des clairs feuillages vernis; et le feu des jeunes fleurs promettant les grenades, et aussi les chants, les trilles, les subites querelles des grives et des merles. Et, pardessus ces changeantes sonorités, partout présente, comme une âme évanouie dans du bonheur, et qui flotte avec les nappes de parfums, la rumeur endormie des invisibles colombes . . . . .

On a retrouvé la prime jeunesse du monde; et quelle paix, quelle sécurité, quel pur oubli de tout:—on oublierait ici la mort, dont l'ombre n'a jamais passé sur ces lieux. Seulement la perfection de la vie, de son moment suprême: jeunes floraisons, frais éclats, beauté, volupté. Et ce divin moment, on dirait qu'il est fixé pour toujours, que cet enchantement, rien ne viendra le dissiper ou le rompre.

But it is Loti with a difference. M. Chevrillon is in some sort an apostle of French Imperialism. He turns from the beauties of antique Islam to contemplate with rather hard eyes the rise of French power. Regretful that certain grave splendours must pass, regarding with horror the ugliness and debauchery of Casablanca, where European civilization is installing itself with such unpleasant companions, he has yet small sympathy for the efforts of the Moroccans to preserve their world from the Roumi. He records without comment how the wretched defenders of the city of Morocco, armed with a few Winchesters and many charms, were mown down, line after line, by the machine-guns. But the citizens of Morocco, according to

him, are well content with the new régime. At least they have accepted it as easily as every other dynasty in their history. All Government comes from God. The only point to be considered in their eyes is the relative severity or gentleness of the ruler, and they have found Lyautey the most just and indulgent they have known. They relate with pride how the Resident General, in the midst of the crowd at the feast of Moulay Idriss, placed twenty-five gold pieces in the brass mouth outside the sanctuary; how he received a special invitation from the Imams to cross the sacred threshold, and how he refused it.

It was by this decent respect for the feelings of her subjects, coupled with the cool audacity of her Pro-Consul, that France held Morocco throughout the war with a handful of men.

C. F.

## M. MAX JACOB

LA DÉFENSE DE TARTUFE. Par Max Jacob. (Paris, Société Littéraire de France.)

"EXTASES, Remords, Visions, Prières, Poèmes et Méditations d'un Juif Converti"—this is the qualifying sub-title of M. Jacob's book. It is a collection of odds and ends, of fragments thrown out by the spasmodic eruption of a very peculiar mind. Here we have a piece of self-confession, here a poem, here a vision, here a loud snigger, and here the Christian penitent's spasm of remorse. In M. Jacob we find the curious phenomenon of a mystic, passionately sincere, but who cannot help perceiving that, seen from certain angles, religion can look very like an enormous joke: "Quand l'œil gauche me démange, je crois que j'ai tort; tout à l'heure, j'ai eu une crise de larmes au Sacré-Cœur et pourtant l'œil gauche me démangeait; comment dire cela au Père?" How indeed? We are not surprised when we read a little later on: "Mes amis prennent ma conversion pour une farce un peu plus corsée que les autres. Mon parrain dit qu'il m'appellera 'Fiacre.'" And so it goes on, this spiritual drama, so important, so tragic and so very nearly a farce of gigantic proportions. It has its moments of thrilling intensity. Here is one of the scenes, curiously nightmarish and disquieting:

L'orgie est au Sud! L'orgie est à Montparnasse! dans un atelier est l'orgie de Montparnasse. "Qui est là? Ouvrez!" C'est le prêtre! C'est la croix! C'est la bannière et c'est la procession. Ils ont traversé l'escalier, ils se sont rangés au fond. "Qui est là?—Ouvrez! C'est le bon Dieu!" Tout le monde est plein d'effroi! Entrez, mon Seigneur. Or ce n'était que le commissaire de police, un vilain moustachu avec sa ceinture.

One could go on quoting indefinitely, picking out a fragment here and there from the heap; and indeed this is the only method by which we can criticize M. Jacob's work. For the book cannot be considered as a whole: it is a conglomeration of isolated units. And it is here that one perceives the inherent weakness of M. Jacob's talent—his incapacity to keep up an ordered train of thought, to conceive on a large scale, to build, to compose. We must take him for what he is, a spasmodic thinker, a poet of lyrical fragments, but fragments that are often of a remarkable beauty.

Fixez, fixez l'azur pour y voir les anges.  
Fixez, fixez mon cœur pour y voir mon Dieu.  
Ecoutez bien le ciel, vous entendrez les anges.  
Ecoutez-moi penser, vous entendrez mon Dieu.  
Docteur, auscultez-moi et convertissez-vous:  
C'est comme le tonnerre, mais c'est bien plus doux:  
Prisonnier, Vous de moi ou bien moi de Vous,  
Mais quelqu'un dans mon cœur est sous les verroux.

"Max Jacob, enchanteur et poète"—the phrase is André Salmon's. When one has read "La Défense de Tartufe" one cannot help feeling that in some queer, rather grotesque way M. Jacob deserves the title.

## LETTERS FROM ITALY

## VIII. HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES\*

**I**N order to vary these letters of mine, I shall leave literature alone for a while. I have still to speak of a number of other writers, of Deledda, Papini, the Futurists and the more recent playwrights, to whom I shall return later. For the moment I propose to give the British public some account of movements of a more scientific nature. I shall begin with history.

"La Storia della Storiografia in Italia nel Secolo XIX," which Croce has been publishing in *La Critica* since 1915, affords a rich new field of investigation. The identity of philosophy and history, which Idealism claims as its greatest mental conquest—or which is at least the height of its aspirations—is here put into practice in a conception of the writing of history that coincides absolutely with the development of philosophy, and indeed appears as something inseparable from it.

The appearance of Positivism in Italy in the second half of the nineteenth century resulted in a strange mixture of history and anti-history, of enthusiasm for facts and of the passive acceptance of theological tradition. The last idealist school of history, the Neo-Guelph, had perished in the general downfall of national thought in 1848. But the problems with which it dealt and the ideals that inspired it were handed on to the pioneers of the new movement. Ferrari, who in many ways anticipated Positivist history, or who is at least a link between the Guelphs and the Positivists, modelled the negations and antitheses of his "*Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie*" on a plan that was altogether Catholic in character. He substituted Fatality for Providence as the dynamic power in history, and he imagined the course of human events to be influenced by "fatal antipathies," natural and invincible as the dyads in systems of theology. But there was no God, either as beginning or end of the process. The Guelph and Ghibelline systems, with the innumerable ramifications in which they are continually recurring and jostling each other in the history of Italy, form the point from which its tarts upon its meaningless, purposeless course. And from the Guelphs Ferrari took the idea of federation, contrasting it with the idea of unity, and combining the two in dialectical fashion. His work owed such importance as it had to the fact that it was inspired by the guiding principles of the day, for in 1857 these were the ideas towards which historical and political thought were tending.

When Italian unity had been accomplished and political passions had begun to cool, history in its turn was gradually divorced from life. It became a science in the professional and impersonal meaning of the term. Two opposite tendencies, which are none the less identical in their very opposition, mark both the historical and, generally, the philosophical work of the age of Positivism. On the one hand, there was the desire for a detailed investigation of the bare facts, rejecting all assistance from ideas and all contact with actual political interests; on the other hand, thought, humiliated and discredited in vain, indulged in fantastic system-building, setting up a theology and idolatry of facts, and exchanging with them empty, abstract chimeras. Marselli, in his "*Scienza della Storia*" (1873), followed in the footsteps of Comte, and distinguished a theological phase, a metaphysical phase, and lastly a scientific phase of history. Armed with this triad, which had little that was scientific or Positivist about it, he set the different phases of history-writing on an *a priori* basis. Other writers, on the contrary, while avoiding assumptions that were too obviously theological in character, timidly inserted their reflections among the events, and, being unable to fuse the two into a whole, they delivered abstract judgments, condemnations or acquittals on humanitarian, moral or Catholic principles, which they waved like banners over the grey fabric of their bald narrative.

In the earlier period, when party feeling, whether Neo-Guelph or Neo-Ghibelline, humanitarian or Federalist, ran high, historical subjects had been clearly defined and kept within the radius of actual political interests. But they now became extraordinarily varied and chaotic. The investigations of the new generation of scholars were inspired by no higher

purpose than literary curiosity for the unpublished document a desire to utilize and display their skill and training in research, which had then become the touchstone by which all literary ability was tried. The ideal of these ploughmen of thought was to break up as many fields as possible, preferably those that had been least cultivated, no matter how scanty the harvest they promised. But though this purely philological method often produced results that were strange and inconclusive, the work of the new generation possessed at least one sound characteristic—a characteristic that gave Positivist philosophy, in spite of its obvious inferiority in culture and equipment as compared with other contemporary movements, the originality which brought new life and an element of progress to the study of philosophy. This was the essential immanence of the thought, the tendency not to go outside the data, but to explain them by themselves. This element, freed from the coarse accretions of Positivism, left the germ of a higher philosophy for the future; and even under the cloak it then wore, it made a firm stand against the abstract and arbitrary tendencies of the metaphysical systems of the day. As Croce well puts it, the detailed rules of philology, the refusal to allow a man to write on a historical subject without being acquainted with its literature, were merely "the translation into an empirical rule of the historical character of thought and of every form of activity, which becomes more truly original, free and individual, the closer it is linked to the work of others and the work of the past."

The upholders of this philological method, the so-called "pure historians," may be divided into two generations, a division which possesses not merely a chronological, but also an ideal value. The earlier generation consists of the converts to the philological method—writers who had already fought under other flags and brought to the new school, often in their own despite, a sense of the great problems that had taken their rise in the earlier philosophical education. Thus Villari, Malfatti, De Leva and Comparetti succeeded in relieving the dullness of pure historical Positivism because they had been brought up in a richer and more varied school of thought, and a profession of philological realism gave a new sense of concrete solidity and reality. But the second generation of pure historians was born amid different surroundings, in the philological schools founded by the earlier generation. More thoroughly purged of all extraneous influences, it is also drier and more colourless. Its unrelieved nakedness reveals the defects of a purely philological method cut off from all organic conceptions of life. Thus from De Leva to his pupil Cipolla, from Comparetti to Graf, from Malfatti to Crivellucci, we are rushing down an ever steeper decline. As history rejects every immanent criterion of values, we find arrayed on one side the bare facts; on the other, superimposed and almost forced upon them, the comments. The dreary moralizing and the Catholicism of Cipolla, the scholarly and academic outlook of Graf, the reduction of history to sterile negations by Pais, combined with the learned and detailed philological equipment of these writers, show the detached and scattered results of a lifeless analytical method working on lines diametrically opposed to those of true history.

Alfredo Oriani led a lively, spirited reaction against this colourless philological method during the last decade of last century. His attitude in historical, and, generally speaking, in moral and political, science is very similar to that taken up by Bertrando Spaventa towards Positivism in philosophy, and by Francesco De Sanctis in aesthetics and literary criticism towards the same enemy. Like the two great Southerners, the Romagnol writer passed almost unnoticed in his own generation, which was ill fitted to understand him. This affected not only his fame, but also the organic development of his thought, upon which the alien character and the indifference of the world around him rested like a dead, stifling weight. Hence the endless intricacies, the inequalities, the uneven and emphatic method of progress, which generally characterize men who are before their time—that is, all those who fail to establish a satisfactory mental balance by means of a sympathetic and intelligent intercourse with the world around them. Such men are condemned to a wearing work of self-criticism and to an excessive expenditure of mental energy upon the purely negative task of resistance.

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

(To be continued.)

\* Letter VII., on Panzini, appeared in *THE ATHENÆUM* for February 13.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

- \*Hartley (Mrs. C. Gasquoine). *WOMEN'S WILD OATS*: essays on the refining of moral standards. Werner Laurie [1919]. 8 in. 256 pp. apps., 6/ n. 173.1

In six courageous essays the author makes suggestions which, startling as they must prove to some, demand early and serious consideration. Denouncing the reckless and disastrous marriages which are a feature of the time, and wishing to maintain the dignity of true marriages, in which the husband and wife are joined together in sentiment and thought, Mrs. Hartley not only urges that marriage in the first place should be conditional upon the man and the woman having been engaged for a "fixed and sufficiently long period," but also advocates free divorce by mutual desire and arrangement, after sufficient deliberation, if the union should prove to have been a failure. The proposal in the sixth essay, that there should be an "open recognition of honourable sexual partnerships outside of marriage," will probably meet with greater opposition, but the author's arguments are forceful. The suggestion in the penultimate paper, that illegitimate children should be protected by being placed in the same position of advantage as they would have had if legally born, will find a large number of supporters. So also will some of the recommendations in the fourth essay, relating to "regulation and firm action in suppressing prostitution." The book is well worth reading.

- Kelly (Alfred Davenport). *THE CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISM*: can they be harmonized with science, morals and religion? Wells Gardner [1920]. 6½ in. 96 pp. app. (bibliog.) paper, 1/6 n. 133.9

A concise and temperate summary and review, by a clergyman of the Church of England, of the arguments for and against spiritualism. Mr. Kelly believes that the arguments for spiritualism "are unsatisfactory," and declares that "Christianity and spiritualism are in the long run mutually exclusive."

- \*Sinnott (A. P.). *COLLECTED FRUITS OF OCCULT TEACHING*. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 307 pp., 15/ n. 133.04

A series of well-written and thought-stimulating essays by the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society. The substance of several of them has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Theosophist*, *Lucifer*, and elsewhere.

## 200 RELIGION.

- Herford (R. Travers). *WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE PHARISEES*. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 6½ in. 71 pp. paper, 1/ n. 296

In this, the second Memorial Lecture on the Arthur Davis foundation, under the auspices of the Jewish Historical Society of England, Mr. Herford discusses the fact of the continuous existence and influence of Judaism; shows that the human race in general, and Christianity in particular, "would have been much the poorer if there had not been that presence and influence"; and proceeds to the conclusion that for the benefits which have been wrought by Judaism during all the centuries of Christian ascendancy "the world is indebted, directly or indirectly, to the Pharisees."

- \*Hope (Sir William St. John) and Atchley (E. G. Cuthbert F.). *AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITURGICAL COLOURS*. S.P.C.K., 1920. 7 in. 91 pp. app. index, 3/6 n. 247.7

A succinct treatment of the subject which was fully dealt with by the authors in their larger work, published in 1918. At the end of the present volume is a table of liturgical

colours, setting forth what, in the judgment of the authors, represents "the general usage of the Church of England in pre-Reformation days."

- Williams (Michal). *CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM*. Talbot & Co. [1919]. 6½ in. 93 pp. il. index, 2/6 n. 246

In this exceedingly useful elementary handbook such Christian symbols as the lamb, lion, nimbus, vesica piscis, the various types of crosses, the labarum, and the dove are described clearly and succinctly. Numerous examples of uses of the symbols are cited; and there are 77 illustrations.

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

- Blackie's *Complete Course of Manuscript Writing*. Blackie, 1919. 8½ in. 24 pp. il. paper, 4d. n. 372.5

This and Miss Golds' "A Guide to the Teaching of Manuscript Writing" (see below) are companion works.

- Fairgrieve (J.) and Young (Ernest). *THE OLD WORLD* ("Human Geographies," Book 5). Philip & Son, 1919. 7½ in. 178 pp. il. maps, 2/ n. 372.8

"Facts have been chosen to illustrate principles, and not to compile a juvenile gazetteer." This sentence from the introductory note well conveys the basic idea of the authors of these excellent geographies. The illustrations are as admirable as the text.

- Golds (S. A.). *A GUIDE TO THE TEACHING OF MANUSCRIPT WRITING*. Blackie, 1919. 8½ in. 24 pp. il. boards, 1/6 n. 372.5

The system described is "an attempt to revive, in a simplified form, the beautiful manuscript writing of bygone years." The results depicted are exceedingly attractive; and it is stated that by the author's method quite young children can learn to write without any undue effort.

- Henderson (Kenneth T.). *KHAKI AND CASSOCK*. Introduction by Lieut.-General Sir Cyril White. Melbourne, Melville & Mullen, 1919. 7½ in. 164 pp. por., il. 355

Written down during a period of two years with the A.I.F., this record of personal experiences attempts to show how other people's minds work in the insulated world of active military service. Fighting is but a small part of the soldier's life, which embraces many tasks, some of which call for sterling qualities of character, if not for courage. The illustrations are by Bombardier M. M. Waller.

- Hendy (F. J. R.). *THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS*: an inaugural lecture delivered in the hall of Queen's College on October 22, 1919. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1920. 9 in. 28 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 371.12

Mr. Hendy, who is the Director of Training in the University of Oxford, explains in this lecture how the system of training must be reorganized to meet the situation created by the Education Act of 1918. The Continuation Schools will require teachers who possess, besides academic qualifications, a knowledge of the industrial conditions in which their pupils, who will already be wage-earners, pass their lives when not at school. A great number of Secondary School teachers will also be called for. Mr. Hendy lays down the principles on which the training of teachers should be based, and gives some details of the organization of training in the University.

- Lennes (N. J.) and Jenkins (Frances). *APPLIED ARITHMETIC: THE THREE ESSENTIALS* ("Lippincott's School Text Series"). Illustrations by E. H. Suydam. Book 1. Lippincott [1919]. 8 in. 295 pp. il. index, 2/6 n. 372.7

The first of a series of three books, this volume is intended to cover the arithmetical work of the second, third, and fourth grades. The three main principles which have guided the authors are the selection and organization of subject-matter, derivation and application, and motivation. The numerous illustrations are very helpful.

- London (Jack). *WAR OF THE CLASSES*. Mills & Boon [1920]. 7 in. 217 pp., 2/ n. 335

Socialism, said the late Jack London, writing these studies in 1905, is based not upon the equality, but upon the inequality of men. It demands no new birth into spiritual purity. It deals with what is, not with what ought to be; its material is the "clay of the common roads." The last chapter gives the reasons for the author's conversion to Socialism. He compares United States conditions with those of Britain, and in "The Tramp" paints a heart-breaking picture of the sweating system.



**Selden Society.** SELECT CASES BEFORE THE KING'S COUNCIL, 1243-1482. Edited for the Selden Society by I. S. Leadam and J. F. Baldwin ("Publications of the Selden Society," vol. 35, for 1918). Cambridge, Mass., Harvard Univ. Press, 1918. 10½ in. 393 pp. 346.5

The cases are accompanied by a scholarly introduction, extending over more than a hundred pages, and divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the Council as a court, its jurisdiction, procedure, and the like. The second part consists of notes on the cases. Mr. Leadam having died, the work has been completed by his American colleague.

**Stocker (R. Dimsdale).** WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MIDDLE CLASSES? Palmer & Hayward [1919]. 7½ in. 55 pp. paper, 6d. n. 323.32

Whether the Middle Classes will listen to and digest the homily addressed to them by their candid friend the author is very doubtful, but it would do them a world of good. "If you have anything to lose except your job, depend upon it you are a member of the Middle Class." The Middle Class has arrived at the parting of the ways. Hitherto it has been a hanger-on to the fringes of the aristocracy and a creature of Capitalism. It has found temporary salvation in Conservatism, or justification in Liberalism of an individualist cast. Too snobbish hitherto to seek safety and a social destiny in the Labour Party, it must now make up its mind to be merged in one thing or the other.

**\*Weston (Jessie L.).** FROM RITUAL TO ROMANCE. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 9 in. 209 pp. index, 12/6 n. 398.2 See review, p. 305.

**Young (Filson),** ed. THE TRIAL OF HAWLEY HARVEY CRIPPEN. Edited, with notes and an introduction, by Filson Young ("Notable Trials Series"). W. Hodge & Co. [1920]. 9 in. 247 pp. il. por. apps., 10/6 343.1

Much of the evidence in this painful case presents points of interest to toxicologists. In the introduction it is shown that Dr. Crippen, atrocious as was the crime of which he was found guilty, was far from being a wholly bad man. He gave way to *une grande passion*, which led to his undoing. In ordinary relations of life Crippen was usually amiable, good-natured, and even generous. The editor remarks that "most honest men, finding themselves in the situation in which he [Crippen] ultimately found himself, for whatever reason, and tried by the tests by which he was tried, would be glad to come out of them half so well," and, further, that "acts of great moral obliquity may march with conduct above the ordinary standards—conduct which, if we wish to be just, as we hope for justice to ourselves, should be remembered and recorded no less than the crime."

#### 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**Fisher (Walter K.).** STARFISHES OF THE PHILIPPINE SEAS AND ADJACENT WATERS ("Contributions to the Biology of the Philippine Archipelago and Adjacent Regions," U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 100, vol. 3). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 724 pp. il. bibliog. index, paper. 593.92

An elaborate descriptive monograph, with 156 beautiful plates.

**\*Hiley (Wilfred E.).** THE FUNGAL DISEASES OF THE COMMON LARCH. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 9 in. 215 pp. il. bibliog. index, 12/6 n. 582

A piece of work emanating from the Oxford School of Forestry, and published with the assistance of the Development Commission, this will no doubt be accepted as the standard book on the subject. Mr. Hiley has investigated the diseases of the common larch, especially the larch canker, which has ruined so many plantations; and he puts forward remedies. He gives excellent advice on soils and the treatment of larch plantations, and the plates illustrating the book are first-rate.

**Moir (J. Reid).** THE TRANSITION FROM ROSTRO-CARINATE FLINT IMPLEMENTS TO THE TONGUE-SHAPED IMPLEMENTS OF RIVER-TERRACE GRAVELS ("Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," Series B, vol. 209). 12 in. pp. 329-50, 7 pl. diags. paper. 571.14

This paper (read December 13, 1917) was a preliminary study of the experiments and results set forth at greater

length in "Pre-Palæolithic Man," noticed in THE ATHENÆUM of January 2 last.

**\*Soddy (Frederick).** SCIENCE AND LIFE: Aberdeen addresses. Murray, 1920. 8½ in. 241 pp. apps., 10/6 n. 504 See review, p. 301.

#### 800 LITERATURE.

**Blackie's French Plain Texts.** Blackie [1919]. 6½ in. 26, 40, 35, 28, 37, 23 pp. paper, 4d. each. 840.8

Serviceable editions of the following and other famous French works, suitable for school use: La Fontaine, "Shorter Fables"; Dumas, "Jacomo, ou Le Brigand"; Michelet, "Jeanne d'Arc"; Balzac, "Un Episode sous la Terreur"; and A. Daudet, "Lettres de mon Moulin: Contes Choisis," and "La Dernière Classe."

**Cæsar (Caius Julius).** BOOKS IV. (20-38) AND V. OF THE GALLIC WAR, partly in the original and partly in translation. Edited by R. W. Livingstone and C. E. Freeman. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7½ in. 110 pp. limp cl., 2/6 n. 878.1

The editors' idea is to give boys a grasp of Cæsar's work as a whole, by providing a translation of about two pages of Cæsar into English for every page left in Latin. Considerable portions will thus be read in English, and pupils who are struggling with the difficulties of the language will become acquainted with Cæsar's story. The English passages, moreover, may be useful for translation into Latin prose.

**\*Cowley (A.),** trans. JEWISH DOCUMENTS OF THE TIME OF EZRA. Translated from the Aramaic ("Translations of Early Documents"; Series 1, Palestinian Jewish Texts [Pre-Rabbinic]). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 100 pp., 4/6 n. 892.4

The papyri of which this volume contains translations are the oldest Jewish writings in existence, apart from the Bible and one or two inscriptions. They come from a "hitherto unknown colony" of Jews at Elephantine and Syene, and cover practically the whole of the fifth century B.C. These texts are of special interest, and a remarkable feature is the complete silence as to some of the fundamental facts of Jewish history and religion. For example, there is "not the faintest allusion to the Sabbath, nor to the Law."

**Gault (James A.).** PADRE GAULT'S STUNT BOOK. Epworth Press, 1920. 7 in. 189 pp. por. il. paper, 3/ n. 828.9

The Australian padre has kept this amusing record of the games, competitions, conundrums and other pastimes with which his Aussies entertained themselves at the front. The best, to our taste, are the twisted proverbs, such as "Never put off to-day what you must put on to-morrow—sleep in 'em."

**Goldring (Douglas).** THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM: a play in four acts ("Plays for a People's Theatre"). Daniel, 1919. 8 in. 96 pp. paper 2/ n., cloth 3/6 n. 822.9

An officer, half-maddened by the life in the trenches, treats the lady who wants to break off their engagement as Fielding's Lord Fellamar tried to treat Sophia; but the lady still holds out, and seeks safety with her Socialist lover. But "the Dawn," "the Revolution," "the Future," offer no truer freedom for her woman's soul than the time-honoured conventions; and there ensues a Shavian conflict between the idealist and a more human lover, in which the latter wins. It is a clever pamphlet play, but there is more speechifying than dialogue.

**Jacob (Max).** LA DÉFENSE DE TARTUFE. Paris, Société Littéraire de France, 1919. 6½ in. 215 pp. 844.9 See review, p. 318.

**Kiddier (William).** THE PAINTER'S VOICE. Fifield [1920]. 7 in. 59 pp., 2/6 n. 828.9

"Much learning ahead of experience makes the person a public nuisance." "Mirth is the human passion heaven loves . . . The most disturbing sound to the ear of God is laughter without mirth: it was the noise the devil made when he was turned out." "Faith is the sublime attitude of the soul face to face with the impossible." These are samples from this small collection of thoughts.

**Mencken (H. L.).** A BOOK OF BURLESQUES. New York, Knopf [1920]. 8 in. 237 pp., \$2. 818.5

Strikingly miscellaneous in form, but less so in matter, is this set of dialogues, dramas without words, extracts from memoirs of the Devil, short stories, mock aphorisms, and skits on musical programme-makers. Mr. Mencken is a clever and witty satirist, with an encyclopædic knowledge of the latest crazes and imbecilities, particularly of his countrymen and countrywomen. Cheops, in "The Visionary," is a shrewd hit at the modern world. "My idea was to make it the boss pyramid of the world. The king who tries to beat it will have to get up pretty early in the morning. . . . But it cost me, first and last, fully three thousand niggers, and set me back at least six months." He is referring to one of the strikes that broke out at intervals. And after recounting what he had done for labour, the ancient captain of industry repines: "People will think of Cheops as a heartless old rascalion—me, mind you! Can you beat it?"

\***Wordsworth (Elizabeth).** ESSAYS, OLD AND NEW. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 8 in. 168 pp., 7/6 n. 824.9

Sound literary taste and considerable charm of style are the characteristics of these essays. Miss Wordsworth elaborates a contrast between Dante and Goethe. In "Behind the Scenes" she tries to correct the popular idea that the real life of the actor is often a painful antithesis to what he appears on the stage. She sums up admirably the refined art of Jane Austen, and shows how Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" expounds the aspirations and artistic canons of Andrea del Sarto. Other essays are on Ruskin, flattery, the English character, etc.

#### POETRY

**Alcock (J. A. M.).** PRIMAL AIRS. Allen & Unwin, 1920. 7½ in. 56 pp. paper, 3/ n. 821.9

Mr. Alcock's poetry is a thing of solemn thunders. Sometimes the thunders have the genuine Olympian or Sinaitic ring; but at others something seems to go wrong, and we become aware that it is no thunder that we are listening to, but the rumbling of "a drum perished at the west end."

Would'st thou with lumbering satyrs in duress  
Decline once more in anguish unannealed?

Under that stroke the drum's eastward end also threatens to give way.

**Bailey (John).** POETRY AND COMMONPLACE ("Warton Lecture on British Poetry," 10). (For the British Academy) Milford [1920]. 10 in 24 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.09

See notice, p. 306.

**Clark (Alfred).** THE MARGARET BOOK. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 201 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

Peter, who tells his own tale (in italicized prose), has been in love with Margaret since she was a child, and now, a convalescent from trench-fever, is staying at her home, where they become engaged and married before he returns to France. Margaret writes down what he dreams in his deliriums, and this and other material yields a quantity of fluent, sentimental, and fancifully humorous verse.

**Field (M. G.).** AMBUSH AND SONG. Heath Cranton [1920]. 7 in. 36 pp., 4/6 n. 821.9

The first line of the first poem in Captain Field's book may be taken as a clef mark that tells us the key in which the whole volume has been tuned:

When fleecy cloudlets blush athwart the sky . . .

An adagio opening; but the music brightens up later, and we get an allegretto of elves and fairies:

How they skip and pass  
On the velvet grass,  
Footing it in and out so sprightly!

The diapason closes full with three poems entitled "Death," "Evening" and "Vale."

**Roe (Herbert C.).** THE RARE QUARTO EDITION OF LORD BYRON'S "FUGITIVE PIECES" DESCRIBED. With a note on the Pigot family. Nottingham, printed for private circulation [by] Derry & Sons, 1919. 9½ in. 30 pp. por. facs. boards. 821.76

This is a short bibliographical account of the quarto "Fugitive Pieces" (Newark, 1806) and the small octavo, "Poems

on Various Occasions" (Newark, 1807), which are now exceedingly rare, the impression having been recalled by the poet when exception was taken to the fourteen stanzas entitled "To Mary."

Sappho.

**Way (Arthur H.), tr.** SAPPHO; AND THE VIGIL OF VENUS. Macmillan, 1920. 7½ in. 36 pp., 3/6 n. 884.2 and 874

Dr. Way's version of Sappho is marred—so it seems to us—by occasional unnecessary amplifications of the original. Thus where Sappho simply wrote: "The moon has set, and the Pleiades too: midnight: time passes, and I lie alone," Dr. Way translates as follows:

The moon has dipt into the sea:  
The Pleiads' westerling flight is flown:  
Deep midnight's pall hangs heavily:  
The time fleets by: and I—ah me!—  
Lie on my couch alone, alone!

This rather overrich form of expression is more suitable to the translation of the "Pervigilium Veneris" which follows the fragments of Sappho. There are fine things in Dr. Way's version. We could wish, however, that he had found a better rendering of "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet," than "Tomorn who ne'er hath loved shall love, and who hath loved shall love tomorn."

**Sedgwick (Henry Dwight).** DANTE: an elementary book for those who seek in the great poet the teacher of spiritual life. New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press, 1918 [sic]. 7½ in. 201 pp., 6/6 n. 851.15

In this tract for the times Mr. Sedgwick leaves learning on one side, and concerns himself with Dante as a poet and a believer in eternal righteousness. What book can claim the second place for Western nations except the "Divine Comedy"? In height, depth, and amplitude of thought, in ethical, philosophical, and religious interest, in intensity and variety of human drama, no other poem or other work of literature can match this of Dante's. The author endeavours to put the reader in imagination by Dante's side, and enable him to comprehend the hopes, beliefs, and passions of his time.

**Wolfe (Humbert).** LONDON SONNETS ("Adventurers All Series," 27). Oxford, Blackwell, 1920. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

The London Sonnets which give this book its title are for the most part dramatic monologues in Cockney. After reading them one is left wondering why Mr. Wolfe should have chosen this particular form. "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room," but old-clothes-sellers and fried-fish-shop-men find it hard to do themselves justice within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground. Mr. Wolfe's most successful poem is an essay in the manner and matter of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," which he calls "The Dead Man in the Pool." "Sometimes when I think of love" contains some charming lines; and there are felicities of expression in some of the sonnets on love and war which fill the second half of the volume.

#### FICTION.

\***Bourget (Paul).** MONIQUE; LES GESTES; RECONNAISSANCE: trois récits de guerre ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1920]. 7½ in. 219 pp. paper, 2fr. 843.9

This characteristic study of a fine nature revealed to its depths by the ordeal of a slanderous charge first appeared in 1902.

**Gould (Nat).** A CHESTNUT CHAMPION. Long [1920]. 7 in. 254 pp., 1/6 n.

"Now for the first time published," this readable story deals with incidents in the career of one Paget Kingsley, an emigrant to Sydney, who becomes a partner in various triumphs of a well-known trainer, wins an exciting hurdle race, and marries the widow of a reprobate, whose violent end the reader cannot bring himself to deplore.

**Kavanagh (Colman).** THE SYMBOLISM OF "WUTHERING HEIGHTS." Long [1920]. 7½ in. 30 pp. paper, 9d.n. 823.89

No doubt Emily Brontë did find inspiration in such truths as "To know all is to pardon all," and "Love is heaven, and heaven is love"; but the author of this well-written paper goes rather far in discovering a whole scheme of symbolism and moral probation in her "grand prose poem."

\***Maindron (Maurice)**. *LE TOURNOI DE VAUPLASSANS* ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1920]. 7½ in. 234 pp. paper, 2fr. 843.9

A cheap edition of this brilliant novel of adventure in the sixteenth century, in the times of the Huguenot wars.

**Norris (William Edward)**. *THE TRIUMPHS OF SARA*. Hutchinson, 1920. 7½ in. 288 pp., 7/6 n.

See review, p. 306.

**Smith (Bertram)**. *RUNNING WILD*. With a preface by Ward Muir. Sinpkin & Marshall [1920]. 7½ in. 277 pp., 6/ n.

It is extremely sad that, at the early age of 41, a fatal disease should have struck down the author of this charming delineation of a little boy's outlook upon life. A peculiar subtlety and delicacy of touch, art which is transmuted into artlessness, and a deep insight into the psychology of the young child are shining qualities of "Running Wild." Bertram Smith clearly recalled his early boyhood; and the book is obviously by a man "who knew." Strikingly well-founded, for instance, are the remarks as to the inanity of many "grown-up people's" ponderous and patronizing jokes with children: "But these jesters were profoundly wrong. There is nothing comic about being a child. The very first necessity is that he should be taken seriously. If you are going to treat him like a monkey or a kitten, you are lost, even while you are proclaiming how fond you are of children. And, far from being easy to amuse him, it is an event so rare and precious that if you have once succeeded in it you have taken a long stride toward winning the great possession of his confidence." The little boy's meditations upon Santa Claus, his views of "Reformation," and the account of "The Little House that I Found" are delightful. So are the chapters on "Relations" and "Competition." The latter is especially true to life. Mr. Smith's work will be missed by readers as greatly as his personality is mourned by his friends.

#### 910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

\***Butler (Samuel)**. *ALPS AND SANCTUARIES OF THE CANTON TICINO*. Fifeild, 1920. 7½ in. 335 pp. il. index, 7/6 n. 914.94

The second impression of Mr. Fifeild's new edition of this delightful book. We have seldom found ourselves so wholly in agreement with the opinions on the dust-cover as in this case. We confirm our own previously expressed opinion that "it is as good as the 'Note-Books'"; we agree with the *Times* that "anyone who wished to make Butler's acquaintance should begin with this book," with Sir. W. Robertson Nicoll that "it is perhaps Butler's best book," with the *Observer* that "it is the best of travel books since 'Eothen.' " Only the *Pall Mall Gazette* with its verdict "as full of laughter as 'Hudibras'" sets us wondering whether the reviewer had ever read "Hudibras." Something is wrong in that comparison. There is laughter in "Hudibras"; there is laughter in "Alps and Sanctuaries"; but never were two laughers more different. In spite of this, we greet with satisfaction the evidence of a steady demand for one of the finest *livres de chevet* in the English language.

**Chevrillon (André)**. *MARRAKECH DANS LES PALMES*. Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1920]. 7½ in. 386 pp. paper, 4fr. 90. 916.4

See review, p. 318.

#### 920 BIOGRAPHY.

Agassiz (Elizabeth Cary).

**Paton (Lucy Allen)**. *ELIZABETH CARY AGASSIZ: a biography*. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919. 8½ in. 435 pp. il. pors. index, \$3 n. 920

Mrs. Agassiz's greatest work was her part in the growth and development of the college for women which became known as the "Harvard Annex" and later as Radcliffe College—in memory of Anne Radcliffe, afterwards Lady Mowson, a seventeenth-century pioneer of higher education for women. Of this flourishing institution the widow of Professor Louis Agassiz was for many years the honoured President. Mrs. Agassiz wrote her husband's biography, and died at a very advanced age on June 27, 1907. She was a great and experienced teacher of girls, and, according to Professor W. W. Goodwin, possessed "almost unerring practical wisdom" and "unfailing common sense."

Smith (William).

**Bourne (George)**. *WILLIAM SMITH, POTTER AND FARMER*. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 7½ in. 230 pp., 6/ n. 920

See review, p. 304.

Turnbull (William Peveril).

**Turnbull (Herbert Westren)**. *SOME MEMORIES OF WILLIAM PEVERIL TURNBULL, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS*. Bell, 1919. 9 in. 228 pp. por. index, 10/6 n. 920

Second Wrangler, Second Smith's Prizeman, and holder of a second class in the Classical Tripos, William Peveril Turnbull was well qualified to fill the post he held, that of Chief Inspector of Schools for the N.E. Division of England. Modesty, detachment from convention, and broadness of vision were notable elements in his character. A genius for friendship was another. Mr. Turnbull, who died in 1917, witnessed the riots at Mitchelstown in 1887, was a Liberal in politics, was strongly opposed to the South African War, "considered Spiritualism a fraud," and, though by disposition an open-minded inquirer, failed to sympathize with the Higher Criticism of the Scriptures.

Villiers (Algernon Hyde).

**Graham (Harry)**, ed. *LETTERS AND PAPERS OF ALGERNON HYDE VILLIERS*. S.P.C.K., 1919. 9 in. 208 pp. por., 10/ n. 920

The memoir preceding these extracts from Mr. Villiers' correspondence, and the letters themselves, show that he was a combination of the mystic and the "born soldier." He was cheerful, amiable, and imbued with the spirit of renunciation. The words "a Christian and a good soldier" well describe him. Mr. Villiers (whose father was Sir Francis Hyde Villiers, now British Ambassador to Belgium) was born in 1886, and educated at Wellington College and at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated with double honours. He lost his life while taking part in the capture of Boulton Wood by the 40th British Infantry Division.

#### 930-990 HISTORY.

**Cantacuzène (Princess, Countess Spéransky, née Grant)**. *REVOLUTIONARY DAYS: RECOLLECTIONS OF ROMANOFFS AND BOLSHEVIKI, 1914-1917*. Chapman & Hall, 1920. 8½ in. 423 pp. pors. il., 12/6 n. 947

Princess Cantacuzène, who was a personal friend of the Romanovs, relates—conscientiously, and, as she believes, without prejudice or bias—the story of what she herself witnessed (July, 1914—1917). In Rasputin she sees symbolized the worst, and in the Grand Duke Nicholas the best, of Old Russia. Rasputin she calls the first example of the mentality that triumphs in Russia to-day. He was a tool of conspirators, and she regards the Bolshevik as the tool of the infamous Hun.

**Hodges (H. W.)**. *A SURVEY OF MODERN HISTORY*. Blackie, 1919. 8 in. 294 pp. maps, apps. index, 6/ n. 940.9

A bright and vigorous book, dealing with the century which began at Waterloo. It often disposes of difficult questions in a manner that suggests the style of Lord Fisher, but it has some of the best maps for educational purposes that we have ever seen, and its general conclusions are breezy and wholesome.

#### J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Fry (Elizabeth).

\***Matheson (Annie)**. *A PLAIN FRIEND* ("Rose and Dragon Books": "The Young Citizen Series"). British Periodicals, 15 and 16, Gough Square, E.C.4 [1920]. 7½ in. 54 pp. front. (por.) boards, 2/6 n. J. 920

A stimulating short narrative of the life of Elizabeth Fry, whose work in prison reform bears fruit to the present day. The pleasing portrait is of Samuel Gurney, Elizabeth's brother—"her boy." Lady Betty Balfour contributes the foreword to the book, which is the first of a series of similar biographies for young readers.

**Wilson (Richard)**. *SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE*. Dent [1920]. 7 in. 224 pp. col. il. 2/ n. J.920

These biographical stories of Bede, Anselm, Edward I., Sir Walter Raleigh, Wesley and Whitefield, Wilberforce, Reynolds, Watt, Nelson, Cobden, Bright, Nurse Cavell, and others form an interesting and inviting introduction to the study of citizenship.



# GEORGE ALLEN and UNWIN, Ltd.

## The Philosophy of Speech

By GEORGE WILLIS. 7/6.

"Should engage the attention of those who have made some progress in, and those just entering upon, the study of philology. Mr. Willis is always interesting, ingenious, and suggestive."—*Scotsman*.

### Arrows of Desire

Essays on our National Character and Outlook. By Prof. J. S. MACKENZIE. 10/6.

"A charming book . . . the whole subject is delightfully treated."—*Education*.  
"An entertaining book."—*Spectator*.

### Pagan and Christian Creeds

Their Origin and Meaning.

By EDWARD CARPENTER. 10/6.

"A really attractive book, full of charm and suggestion, of insight into great problems, of interest that is varied on every page."—*HAVELOCK ELLIS* in *Daily Herald*.

## The Republic of Liberia

By R. C. F. MAUGHAM, F.R.G.S. 18/-

"A very clear account by a practised pen . . . made more attractive by a number of excellent illustrations and an adequate map."—*Times*.  
"A most instructive and interesting account. Every lover of Africa will be grateful to him."—*African World*.

### Karl Marx

By ACHILLE LORIA. 2/6. Authorised Translation from the Italian with a foreword by E. and C. Paul.

### Wars and Treaties, 1815—1914

By ARTHUR PONSONBY. 2/- (3rd Impression).  
"One of the most useful books of history seen for some time."—*Daily News*.

### Joseph Fels: His Life Work

By MARY FELS. 6/-

"An admirably written story of the American millionaire whose life was freely spent in endeavouring to better the position of his fellow men."—*Globe*.

## Empire and Commerce in Africa

By LEONARD WOOLF. 20/-

"A penetrating study which no student of politics or history can afford to leave unread."—*Daily Mail*.  
"A piece of historical research of great value . . . a fascinating study."—*Daily Herald*.

### Flashes of London

By CHARLES INGE. 6/- Just Out.

Her mysteries and humour: her glamour and pathos; her feverish nights and eerie dawn.

### With the Mad 17th to Italy

By Major E. H. HODY. 10/6.

"Full of fun and sunshine."—*Daily Mail*.  
"One of the cheeriest war-books."—*Star*.

### Some Modern Novelists

Appreciations and Estimates.

By H. T. and WILSON FOLLETT. 7/6.

### Problems of the Playwright

By CLAYTON HALL. 7/6.

### What is wrong with the Stage

By WILLIAM POEL. 2/-

"He has done much practical good in the past by getting Shakespeare and others acted decently . . . his book is of value in showing the historical element in the degradation of the theatre."—*Times*.

A SECOND THOMAS HARDY ?

## Shepherd's Warning

(Second Impression).

By ERIC LEADBITTER, Author of "Rain Before Seven," "The Road to Nowhere," and "Perpetual Fires." 7/6.

"Without any special heralding Mr. Leadbitter seems to have stepped into the front rank, perhaps even to the leadership of those active novelists whose theme is English rural life. I emphasise the word 'active' with, of course, a thought for the master of them all, the wizard of Dorchester, at whose feet it would probably be fair to suppose Mr. Leadbitter learned some at least of his craft. His new story is a tale that conquers by its direct humanity and by an art so delicate and so deftly concealed that the book has a deceptive appearance of having written itself without effort on the part of the author. 'Shepherd's Warning' will prove 'Reader's Delight.'"—*Punch*.  
"He is an artist."—*Graphic*.  
"A disinterested good workman . . . We congratulate him on this fresh example of his beautifully delicate art."—*Morning Post*.

Two Sisters. A Novel By R. H. BRETHERTON. 7/6 Just Out.

### NEW POETRY.

#### Paths of Glory

More Poems Written During the Great War.

Edited by BERTRAM LLOYD. 4/6 and 3/6.

"Deserves well of the public."—*Manchester Guardian*.

#### Lines of Life

By H. W. NEVINSON. 3/6.

"He is a poet by temperament. There is not one piece that can fail to stir the imagination—of anyone capable of imagining."—*Daily Mail*.

#### More Translations from Heine

By P. G. L. WEBB. 3/6.

"We welcome a further instalment of these skilful verse renderings."—*Times*.

#### Primal Airs

By J. A. M. ALCOCK. 3/-.

#### A Boy's Absence

By A. Schoolmaster. 1/6.

Ruskin House, 40, Museum Street, London, W.C.1.